

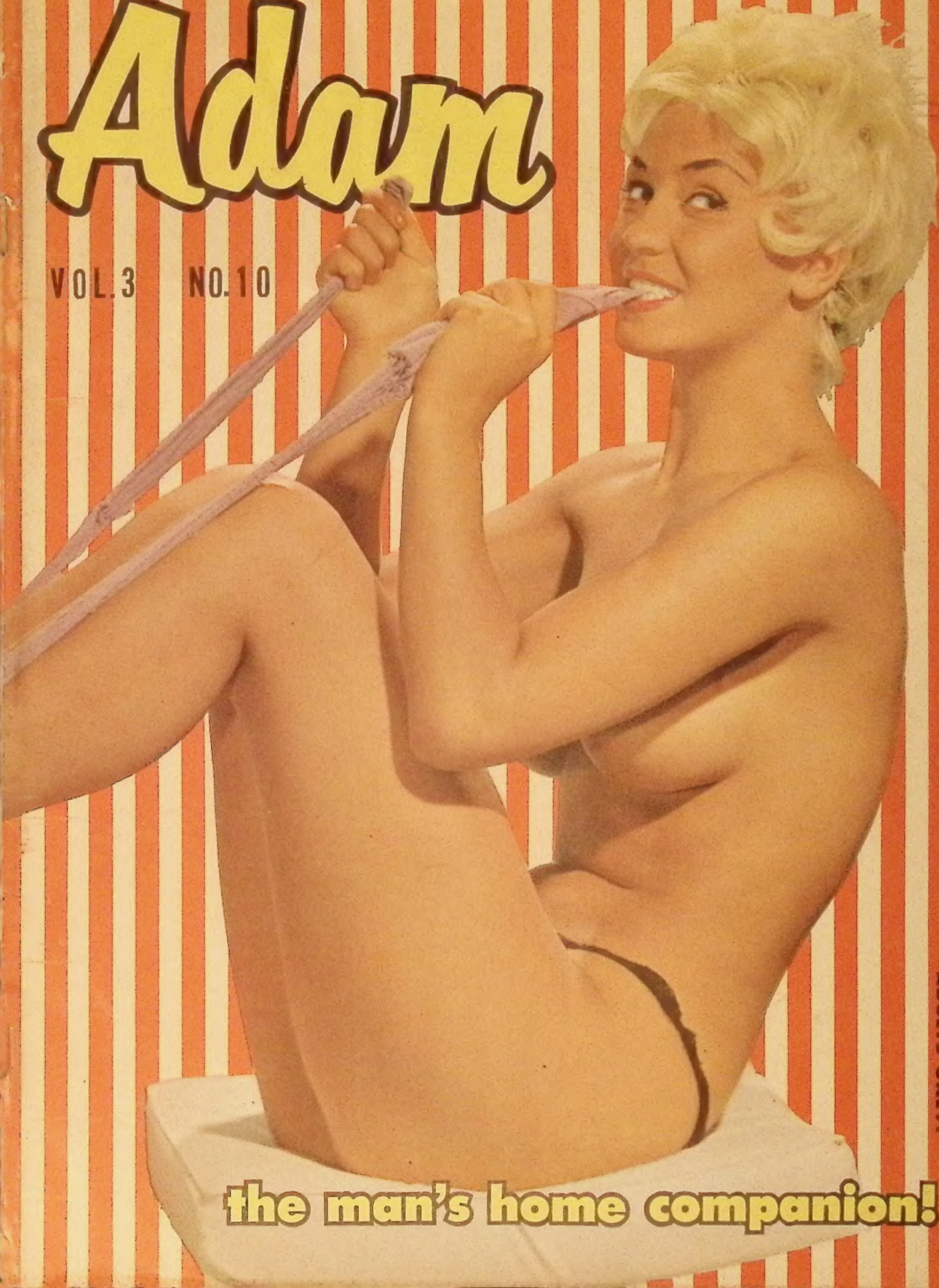
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Adam


VOL. 3

NO. 10



ADULTS ONLY!

the man's home companion!



a word from ADAM

FROM AL MARTIN's grimly powerful tale of an all-too-possible post-atomic future, "The Love Cave" (page 4), to the picture story of current Beatnik antics in Manhattan (page 62), ADAM is packed as never before with fact, fiction, fantasy, girls and humor. Should you find the Beatniks shocking, or a naughty, but very nice, Paris bistro called "Le Grisbie" (page 46), a trifle shocking, then you'll find Bill Pearman's "Striptease at Noon" (page 10), a real snapper — for Pearman deals with the very real realities of certain more raffish elements of entertainment in Kansas City under the Pendergast regime.

- Crawford is back, to tangle with the weirdest mystery of his career on page 16, and Shawn Daley (page 7), shines in "Bedroom, Bathroom and Blonde". For good measure, a very little research will carry you "Round-The-World" (page 30), in girlie pictures.

Certainly in this issue ADAM's gone all out to give you his best ever!

*ADAM's candid coverage of the
fabulous Grisbie Paris....
see page 46*

Adam

MONTHLY

VOL. 3 NO. 10



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COVER—Sheka Moser photographed by KEITH BERNARD	
A WORD FROM ADAM—feature.....	2
THE LOVE CAVE—fiction.....AL MARTIN	4
BEDROOM, BATHROOM AND BLONDE—pictorial	7
Shawn Daly photographed by RON VOGEL	
STRIPTease AT NOON—article.WILLIAM PEARMAN	10
TEE'D OFF—humor.....BOB TUPPER	14
THE HAUNTED REDHEAD—fiction.....	16
MICHAEL WELDON	
ORGANIZATION GIRLS—pictureview.....	20
ROGER TURRELL	
The Gohlke sisters photographed by SURDAY	
PLAYBOY WITHOUT A POT—article.....	24
JOHN C. SZARKO	
IN THE SHADOW OF GIANTS—fiction.....	26
LEWIS K. LEVINSON	
ADAM'S 'ROUND-THE-WORLD—pictorial feature.	30
STOP TO SHOP—feature.....	33
ADAM'S EVE—special pictorial.....	34
Jimmi Weshon photographed by G. H. WHITHERS	
MAGNUM CUM ZIP—article.....PETER NIMMS	36
Photos by RON VOGEL	
LEGACY FOR LOVERS—fiction....ALBERT HAYES	42
LE GRISBIE PARIS—pictorial....GERARD DECAUX	46
ADAM'S TALES—humor.....	52
THE TOUGHEST BROAD IN STORYVILLE—	
personalityCONNIE SELLERS	56
THE GRIND—fiction.....PAT JONES	59
TASTY BIT OF BEAT—pictorial.....	62
Ann Morgan photographed by LOUIS ENCINO	
LETTERS TO ADAM—feature.....	67



Organized for pleasure, Doris Gohlke and her voluptuous sisters romp for ADAM's cameras on page 20





**Within its sheltering walls,
she lived an eternity of denied passion**

the Love Cave

by **AL MARTIN**

MARJORIE AND I were out back pulling turnips when Ma came lumbering out of the house carrying the .22. I was glad, because pulling turnips is hard on the back, and I knew she was after me to go hunting. Not meaning to brag, you understand, but I'm a better shot than the other five girls, which is saying a lot. When you have to hunt or go hungry, you get to be pretty good with a rifle. And we all were.

It wasn't only for rabbits or the wild dogs or an occasional deer or bear that we needed those rifles. Sometimes, in the fall of the year, bands of women from the South came tearing through the mountains, trying to steal the supplies we'd put away for the winter. And sometimes, rarely, a traveler would come through here and bring rumors that there were still some men alive and hiding out in the North Mountains. We never believed that, though. We knew that all the men had been killed in the war or had died soon after of radiation. After the bombings there had been that strange plague that attacked the men and left us women healthy but pretty lonesome. After a while, though, we learned not to remember and not to think any more and we didn't miss them too much. Anyway, babies would have been an awful bother considering the way we lived.

Ma shoved the rifle at me with her big red beefy hands.

"Eloise, you go," she said in that hoarse rough voice of hers. "Don't be gone too long. And try to get enough so's we'll all have more than a smell. Might try for one of those wild dogs we heard last night."

"Hey, Ma, let me go too," Marjorie begged.

"No, just Eloise. Don't come back empty-handed, Eloise. If you get anything big like a deer—"

"Venison!" Marjorie said. "By God, I'd love to have some venison. I'd love to have *anything* as long as it ain't those goddam turnips."

She kissed me for good luck and I took off the hill path, past the berry patch and across the potato

— *turn the page*

CAVE, from page 5

field. The place sure had changed since I first came here seven years ago. I had been eighteen then, and alone and scared to death, running out of the city where Hell had come to live. My mind then had been full of fire and noise and smoke and great white lights and black mushrooms and blood, lots of blood. Blood that ran red in the gutters and dripped down windowsills. I must have run for days, maybe weeks. Then I found the old house and staggered into the yard. It was weeks before I could think or talk straight, but Ma took care of me. When I could understand, they told me that the war was over and everyone had lost, and it was like this everywhere. And all the men were dead. Ma had found the deserted house first and had holed up there with lots of supplies she had stolen from the city and enough guns and ammunition to ward off a small army. One by one she had taken in the scared or bitter or sick (sometimes all three) women who had fled into the mountains and stumbled on the place. She taught us how to live. There were six of us now (we'd lost two from radiation sickness after a trip back to the

city) and we got along pretty good together. Ma wouldn't put up with petty quarreling. She never talked about her past—none of us did—but we all suspected she must have been a whorehouse madam because she sure did keep us in line.

I found the smaller forest paths and went on, being very quiet and watching for snakes. Funny thing how even a city girl like me, who never was too bright to start with, could find senses she never knew she had. Like learning to sneak through woods so you don't scare off small game. Like learning to smell out an animal if the wind is right and stalking it into the wind so it can't smell you. The only thing we really worried about was when we were running low on ammunition. That meant a long trip back to the deserted city for looting, and it was hard to find much there anymore. Besides, it wasn't only dangerous, it was darn near fatal. What with lingering radiation and bandits and half-crazy survivors, I'd rather face a bear any day.

I spotted a big gray rabbit and got him with one shot. That would never be enough, though, so I tied him over my shoulder and kept on going. Way back where the woods

are thickest there are lots of caves and a spring. I could almost always get game around there.

Through the thick brush and trees ahead I could glimpse the caves and the clearing and hear the spring bubbling. I sat down on a log to get my breath a minute. I wished Ma had let Marjorie come with me. Marjorie was always agreeable and was forever fussing over me, making sassafras tea if she thought I didn't feel good, and stuff like that.

The wind shifted and my thoughts of Marjorie dissolved. I smelled something. An animal smell—but different. I sneaked through the trees, walking on the balls of my feet, very quiet, very slow. I didn't move a bush or snap a twig, I was that careful. I could smell that odd fleshy smell, but I couldn't recognize it exactly.

Now I was crawling, low on the ground, inching along like a caterpillar, hunching on my elbows and toes. I peered through the leaves and saw a little clearing and a cave.

And I saw it.

I was sure my heart would break my ribs and leap out, it was pounding so hard. I couldn't breathe or move or even think.

It wasn't an animal.

It was a man.

He was squatting on the ground with his back toward me. His hair was black and he had chopped it off at his neck, probably with the same knife he was using now to skin a rabbit. He was wearing what once might have been part of a uniform but now was only a rag held up by some kind of vine knotted around his waist. He must have sensed someone watching, or maybe he heard my heart beating, because he swirled around with the bloody knife in his hand, poised to kill. He looked at the bush and then at the ground and our eyes held for a long minute. He didn't move, just balanced there like a cat ready to spring.

Finally he said thickly, "I'll fight you. One at a time."

I stood up. Suddenly I knew that my skin was like leather and my shoulder was red from that rabbit's blood and my face was all scratched and sunburned. I shoved my hair back. He stared at me warily.

"There's nobody else," I said, but my blood was pounding so hard in my head that I could hardly hear my own voice. "I'm alone." No harm in telling him, I figured. I could shoot him first if he came after me with that knife. His eyes searched

— turn to page 32

Adam



"Please, Miss Farnsworth, please . . . !"

BEDROOM, BATHROOM AND BLONDE

Beautiful Vegas showgirl Shawn Daley in package deal to make married men weep





SHAWN DALEY is that rarest of creatures — a young and supremely gorgeous, platinum-blond showgirl who has absolutely no ambition to be anything else. She has, by her own admission, "absolutely no desire to play Hamlet or Joan of Arc or anything else. I want to keep on doing just what I'm doing now as long as I can."

Since Shawn is a young, young 22, it looks very much as if she is going to be able to keep on displaying her 5'7", 122 pound 37-24-36½ pulchritude for the benefit of more-than-interested males during many years to come.

In the matter of men and sex, Shawn states (a), "I believe they're here to stay," and (b), "You can put me down as being definitely for it."

For the rest, Shawn loves music — "everything from Rock 'n' Roll to Tchaikovsky" — but, strangely, does not go much for dancing outside of what she does in her shows.

Personally, ADAM is optimistic that she will continue to keep that beautiful face and figure in front of a camera. And, if her own ambition fails to do the trick — he only hopes that the male population puts some pressure on in the public opinion department. ❀

Shawn is not only beautiful — she's smart enough to know what she wants









"**H**ERE'S YOUR SOUP, sir," the pert red-haired waitress said as she served luncheon to a staid and immaculately dressed Philadelphia publisher in a plush Kansas City restaurant.

The publisher (one of the most famous names in the business) turned his head to see what the girl with the pleasant voice looked like. What he saw made him drop his spoon, knock over his soup and damn near fall out of his chair, for he found himself staring directly at a very lovely navel. This, in itself, would have hardly been enough to startle such a worldly man as the publisher, but looking north from the bare midriff he saw two very large, very firm and very bare breasts.

He looked south, suspecting the worst.

Suspicious verified.

The red-haired waitress (and he could tell at a glance she was a real red head) was naked except for a pair of stylish, high heeled shoes.

The Philadelphian was not the only one to be startled by the goings on in Kansas City's Chesterfield club twenty years ago. There, for almost a decade, the soup was sipped in accompaniment to a striptease, and the noon luncheon for "tired businessmen" was delicately served by waitresses wearing only satin pumps and occasional goose pimples.

The unclad waitresses created a ticklish situation for the strippers. Under the circumstances just taking off their clothes was hardly enough to keep the eyes of the customers off the subjects nearer at hand. It was essential that they come up with a great deal more than just a bump and grind. They managed some interesting derivations and some inno-

vations of their own that stopped just short of the pony act featured by a rival nightspot.

Then the waitresses, not to be outdone, came back with a trick of their own—they picked up the tips without using their hands. That is, they did until one day some wise guy heated a quarter with a match! That hot tip touched off a riot that got out of hand—even by Chesterfield Club standards.

Anyone who tired of seeing naked women could gamble. There was a "bust out" crap game, with at least four shills, just inside the door. One day a customer laid a \$10 bill on what he thought was the hat check stand and doubled his money before he could pick it up.

Columnist Westbrook Pegler was outraged by K. C.'s indiscreet eating house. He wrote vitriolically of the "public restaurant in which the waitresses stripped to their high-heeled shoes."

In the 1930s Kansas City had the reputation of being the wickedest town in the country. Big Tom Pendergast was firmly entrenched down in City Hall and the joints ran wide open. Corruption was a festering boil everywhere in the city government and had even spread to the police department itself.

"There were just a very few people the police were allowed to arrest," a veteran officer recalls.

The Chesterfield Club was situated at 320 East Ninth Street in the heart of the tenderloin district. Three blocks to the South was the Twelfth Street that inspired Euday Bowman to write his "Twelfth Street Rag". Over on Thirteenth and Fourteenth, hundreds of prostitutes sat behind smoke-dulled windows giving their negligees suggestive flicks and tap-

— turn the page

STRIPEASE AT NOON

by WILLIAM PEARMAN

Gambling, girls and gaudy entertainment made Kansas City the most delightful fun spot this country has ever seen

NOON, from page 11

ping endlessly on the glass with a coin to attract potential customers.

The Chesterfield Club, now portrayed with modesty on the jacket of a Columbia album called "K.C. in the 30s", was not the only hot night-spot in town. It was just the only one that happened to offer nude waitresses with the noon meal.

There were other interesting spots like the Winnie Winkle, The Crawdad Hole, The Spinning Wheel, Dante's Inferno and the 111 Club. The 111 was nicknamed the "North-east Vice School," because, there, 50 college boys and girls practiced a flapper era version of a Roman orgy to amuse the customers.

The Last Chance was a gambling joint that straddled the state line and, drove the police in both states crazy. The state line ran diagonally across the room, and when the Missouri police raided the place all the crap tables were shoved over into Kansas where the players continued the game unmolested while the raiders fumed. When the Kansas police pulled a raid, the gambling would all be in Missouri.

While much of the entertainment offered in these establishments was erotic, many top performers did get their start in Kansas City.

Count Basie played hot music at the old Reno Club on Twelfth street where the hostesses (B-girls) drank "catfish cocktails" (water) purchased by customers at 25 cents each. On the second floor there was a *palais de plaisir*. There, while couples groped and struggled in the darkness, the notes of Count Basie's music drifted up through the thin floor. For \$2.00, taking everything into consideration, it was a most pleasurable ring side seat to a really fine floor show.

The doors to the Reno Club never closed.

Count Basie recalls: "When they opened that club they gave the key and a \$5 bill to a cab driver and told him to 'go as far as that'll take you and throw the key away,'"

"The music was just too much," said Baby Lovett, veteran Kansas City drummer. "The cats come here from everywhere just to hear the music. A friend of mine from Denver jumped into a Model T with

some other cats and they drove here. They didn't have any place to stay when they got here and they weren't coming to see anyone in particular. They just wanted to hear the music."

Over on Twelfth Street, at the Lone Star Gardens, Pete the bartender, Joe Turner, liked the music and began shouting the blues lyrics to assist Pete. Lyrics like:

*"I've been to Kansas City,
Girls and everything really all
right."*

*Been to Kansas City
Girls and everything really all
right."*

*See the boys jump and swing
until the broad daylight."*

In 1938 Pete and Joe went to New York for a concert at Carnegie Hall. They never returned to Kansas City for Twelfth Street culture was in demand elsewhere. Also attracted by the fine jazz were a great many dope addicts and homosexuals. Some spots featured lesbian shows.

The colorful night life would have been much less colorful had it not been for an equally colorful police department. Some of the top officials consorted with the likes of Pretty Boy Floyd with the understanding that he play with his machine gun elsewhere — a promise that was not always kept.

Kansas City police officers delighted in showing off their town to visiting policemen. Many a mundane easterner, like sportswriter Jimmy Cannon, was flabbergasted to find that New York was a hick town compared to Kaycee in those days.

The Kansas City cops always took their guests, whom they privately called "chumps," to see "Annie, the Brakeman's Daughter."

"Annie is a real peach of a girl," they assured their friends. Her father is a brakeman and he's always out of town so Annie's willing to entertain in her apartment, provided, well, Annie likes nice things and to get her in the mood, it always helps to bring along some presents — nice presents."

The Kansas City man would go on to explain Annie's love of sweets, fresh fruits, and vegetables. The chump would then prepare himself with gifts that he was repeatedly assured Annie would adore.

The local boy, not to be outdone, equipped himself with a fluffy lemon meringue or chocolate pie. Then lead the way to Annie's place.

It appeared that Annie didn't live too well, in fact her place appeared to be in sort of a flea bag hotel. But of course times were hard and brakemen weren't making much

Adam



"Taxes are so high, Abdullah has to open his palace to the public twice a week!"

money either.

"Now just knock on the door and ask for Annie."

The chump's knock was never answered by the sensual and ever-willing Annie, but by an angry looking man armed with a revolver.

"So you're the no good S.O.B. whose bringing all that fruit up here and sleeping with my daughter," he would storm. Then the gun would go off and the Kansas City cop would double up on the stairs as if he were hit. As he went down, the pie would somehow fly from his grasp and strike the terrified visitor in the face, almost as if it had been aimed.

"I'm bad hit, don't leave me," the local officer would gasp, but it seldom slowed the flying feet of the fleeing visitor. After he had dashed out the door the indignant brakeman and the "wounded" man would double up with laughter. The brakemen was a fellow officer. Annie didn't live there any more. In fact Annie had never lived there in the first place. The whole thing was a hoax on a gullible chump. The brakeman and the officer shared the sucker's gifts to Annie.

The 111 Club was not a hoax although the police discounted the possibility of such a place when the first rumors were heard at the department. One could hardly blame them.

A club where men and women and couples of women and couples of men performed sex acts before the audience? Ridiculous. A club where the audience, including 50 college boys and girls, participated in a wild mass orgy while the show was going on? Impossible. But unfortunately it wasn't. It was true, and after an outraged mother took her story to the police they got busy and the doors of the 111 Club were locked forever.

Over the years the police had made perfunctory raids on Kansas City's other raucous clubs. In 1933 the raiding squad hit the Chesterfield Club, arrested the dancers and the proprietor James Harrison and fifty frequentors.

E. C. Reppert, director of police at the time, said "risque dancing" was being done by women in the place. This, very probably, is the understatement of the first half of the Twentieth century.

"The women, described by the management as toe dancers, have been entertaining throughout the noon hour each working day," the conservative Kansas City Star reported.

Two days later fines totaling \$400

were levied and the noon luncheons continued. One dancer, Gladys Frazier, was fined \$100 on a charge of "operating an indecent dance."

The death knell of the famed Chesterfield Club, and in rapid order the rest of Kansas City's fantastic joints, was sounded July 6, 1938 in Jefferson City, 120 miles away. Lloyd Stark had just been elected governor. He wasted no time proving that he was no tool of the Pendergast machine. First he fired the machine man who had been liquor control supervisor and appointed his own man, E. J. McMahon, who moved in on eight of K.C.'s better known establishments including the Chesterfield Club.

All over, the old machine was breaking up. The Federal government was getting cross with Boss Tom about his income taxes, and a citizens group was exposing vote fraud and putting honest men in the city government for the first time in years.

On April 6, 1939, the final blow was struck. A permanent injunction was granted to close the club as a

common nuisance. It alleged that the place "encouraged lewd and lascivious shows by female entertainers."

Then, as if to emphasize that the end of the era had come, a fire burned out the front of the old club. Today, the space is occupied by a restaurant, specializing in 75 cent meals. The waitresses are sagging, sad-eyed, and fully clothed.

By virtue of its strategic position astride the state line, the Last Chance was able to survive a decade longer.

The building location was a nemesis to the law that now seemed hell bent on pouring antiseptic on an already spotlessly clean town. Even surveyors could not agree on where the state line dissected the gambling den, although they seemed reasonably sure that the building was somewhat in Kansas and considerably in Missouri.

The governors of Kansas and Missouri planned a joint raid but it never materialized. Undaunted, Kansas authorities began to menace that state's corner of the building with a bulldozer. It was a wonder—

—turn to page 61



"In a few more years," she says to me, "we'll be too old to do anything but sit on the porch"—That set me to thinking—"

Teed Off

by BOB TUPPER



EQUIPMENT

A girl has two big advantages here ...



HAZARDS

just when things seem to be going the best, a trap can cost you a match ...



THE STANCE

whether teeing up or hunting balls, the smart girl can show a great deal of form ...



A BAD LIE

this can ruin an otherwise perfect score ...



LESSONS

if you've been miffing too many easy chances ... perhaps the pro can help you out ...



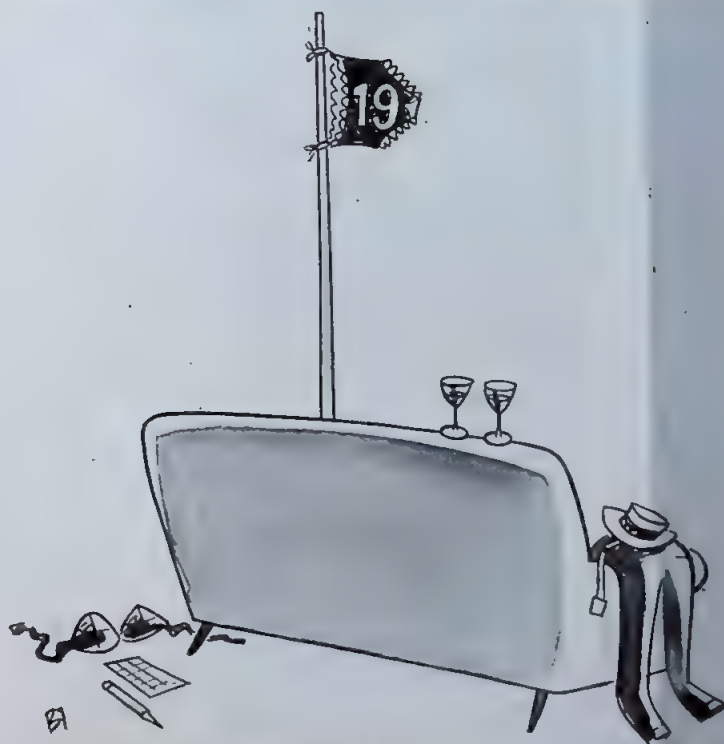
THE GRIP

a firm grip can assure you of many great conquests on the green ...



REPLACING THE DIVOT

a well aimed divot can be fun retrieving ...



THE NINETEENTH HOLE

this is where, over a drink or two, scores are totaled and bets are collected ...

Between roudy ghosts and a sex-starved
heiress, Crawford solves the most exotic case of his career

the Haunted Redhead

by MICHAEL WELDON



IT WAS Judge Phineas Taylor Ormond, an esteemed officer of Manhattan's exclusive Papyrus Club and a retired jurist of note, who got Crawford involved in the case. Although the judge had no suspicion of the private investigator's true profession, Crawford had revealed such brilliance as a detective while defending his own skin in the Doc Robbins murder, that Ormond quite naturally turned to him for help.

It was, in a number of ways, the most unusual assignment Crawford had yet drawn in his somewhat raffish career, involving as it did — a.) Diane Harden, one of the richest and most beautiful young women in America, and — b.) a poltergeist. A poltergeist, according to Webster, is "a noisy ghost; a spirit assumed as the explanation of rappings and other unexplained noises." As is also known to followers of the supernatural, a poltergeist may also be accountable for the upsetting of furniture, the moving of light or heavy objects without visible means and, if a particularly mean-natured spirit, an actual source of physical injury and danger.

Such an unseen creature was plaguing Diane Harden in her \$200,000 modern mansion, in the lovely, rolling green horse-breeding country near Hopewell, New Jersey. As Judge Ormond put it to the detective, after introducing Diane to the detective in the ladies' lounge of the Papyrus, "Miss Hardin feels that some human agency lies in back of the manifestations. She has turned to me for help — I was her father's attorney for many years — and I am turning to you. You may remember, at the time of Doc Robbins' unfortunate demise, you suggested I try you if I should ever have need of your investigative talents."

"I remember perfectly," said Crawford smoothly. He quite openly studied the client Judge Ormond was tossing his way. She was a tall girl, tall and redheaded and magnificently proportioned, a living testimonial to the healthy outdoor life available to the absurdly rich. Although she wore the smartest of simple, black urban dresses, in his mind's eye, the investigator pic-

— turn the page



REDHEAD, from page 17

tured her far more readily upon the back of a blooded jumping thoroughbred, or swimming easily through the sleek blue water of a private pool.

He realized suddenly that the judge had asked him a question and that both he and Diane were waiting upon his answer. He said, "I'd like to know more about Miss Harden's problem before I undertake its solution, Judge."

Diane Harden opened firm, carmined lips and said, "It's been getting steadily more annoying. But not being a credulous fool, I have pretended to ignore it. However, after what happened yesterday afternoon..."

Diane had just finished having her living room redecorated with a blend of modern and genuine Georgian furniture at a cost of something like \$20,000. She had given her servants the day off as she was spending the day with friends.

"...so when I got home, it was absolutely ruined. The room looked as if it had been sacked by Vandals. Gravy from the kitchen splashed on the walls and upholstery, every piece of bric-a-brac shattered, the carpets covered with grease from the kitchen."

In her outrage, her nostrils were dilated, her amber eyes glowing, her lips parted. To Crawford, she looked challengingly sexy. He said, "You say no one was home?"

"I didn't say no one was home,"

she replied firmly. "I said that I had given the staff the day off. Marie, my cook, went to visit her sister in Newark. And Lowman, the butler, swears he went to Seabright to swim."

"I see," said Crawford, wondering if this girl was as good in bed as she looked—and also, how he could nail her for his usual fat retainer, there in the club with Judge Ormond at hand.

"I don't believe you do see," the girl said with a trace of arrogance. "I feel certain that someone is trying to drive me crazy. It has happened before—especially with women who have money somebody else wants."

"Who wants yours?" Crawford asked bluntly.

"That," she informed him, "is one of the things I want you to find out. When can you come to Jersey?"

Crawford was tempted to say, "Whenever you write me a check for five thousand dollars." However, he had no desire to jeopardize his amateur standing at the club, lest he lose certain valued and useful contacts amongst the highly placed, contacts that had, again and again, enabled him to conduct his work successfully. Besides, he began to have the stirring of another idea.

He said, "I could drive out there this evening."

"What time?" she inquired.

"I'll try to be there by nine o'clock."

"I'll drive down to the traffic circle

at Hopewell to guide you," she said. "Otherwise, you might get lost."

SHE WAS THERE, waiting in a smaller, more expensive sports-car than Crawford's own Jaguar, smoking a cigaret. He followed her through a winding maze of rural roads, past lengths of white rail fences and up a driveway lined with tall poplars to a large, low, tile and fieldstone house.

"I'm putting you in the west wing," she informed him as she opened the front door. "I hope you'll find it—"

Whatever else she had been about to say was abruptly halted as she all but tripped over the body of a man lying face down on the front hall carpet. Blood was seeping from an ugly wound, just off-target beside his left temple, and on the carpet beside him lay a heavy, Clichy glass paperweight.

Crawford put down his suitcase and regarded the unconscious man. "Who's that?" he inquired. "Your butler?"

She shook her head, white lipped and, for the moment, mute. Then she said, her usually forthright tones muffled by shock, "No, that's Freeman Turner, my interior decorator. I picked him up after I left you this afternoon, to see what could be done about repairing the living room. Is he dead?"

"Not quite," said Crawford, who had knelt to examine the injury, "but he's going to need a lot of aspirin. Who do you suppose clobbered him?"

Gracefully, Diane stooped and picked up the paperweight. She crossed the hall to a set of shelves—a whatnot—upon which similar decorative objects were arranged. Turning, she said, "It came from here. For all I know, it might have flown to hit him by itself."

"Nonsense!" said the detective, rising. "You'd better call somebody to give him first aid and put him to bed."

At that moment, the unconscious man moaned and stirred, and an answering gasp came from the doorway at the rear of the hall. A willowy, dark-haired young woman stood there, her eyes wide with terror.

"Don't punch the panic-button," said Diane coolly. "Get Lowman here—at once."

When she departed, as suddenly as she had appeared, Crawford turned to his hostess and said, "Who the devil is she? You didn't mention her this afternoon, unless she's



"This is going to be the toughest decision of my adult life!"

Marie, the cook."

"That's Charlotte Ryan," replied Diane firmly. "She's my housekeeper. As a suspect, she's out of the question."

"What makes you so sure?" the detective asked.

"Because," replied the heiress loftily, "Charlotte is also my first cousin—I've known her all my life."

Crawford was still trying to unravel this bit of Harden logic when Charlotte reappeared, followed by a quiet, sturdy looking Lowman, who in turn was followed by a plump, white uniformed Marie. In short order, the injured man was sitting up bleakly.

"Darlings!" he exclaimed. "What happened?"

"That," said Crawford, "is what we'd like to know."

"Well," lisped the decorator, "I'd just emerged from inspecting the living room after you left when something seemed to fly out of the air at me...and that's all I know."

"Help him to his room," Diane bade the butler. "A little later, take him some hot milk."

"But I detest hot milk!" complained the decorator as he was led toward the stairs. He might as well have been talking to the walls for all the attention he got. Crawford and the two cousins were left alone in the hall.

"Now," said Diane a bit grimly, "perhaps you'll believe me." Then, turning to Charlotte, "This is the man Judge Ormond has sent to find out what's causing all this. His name is Crawford."

The introduction was acknowledged, and Crawford found himself appraising the dark girl's quiet charms with approval. She seemed more subdued and far less challenging than the heiress—but vastly more relaxing as a companion. He wondered if she could be responsible for the poltergeist war against her arrogant cousin, and, if so, what her purpose might be.

"I'd like to take a look at the living room," he told Diane.

She wrinkled her nose and, thus revealing distress, the investigator found her far more appealing than when she was playing Queen of the May. She said, "It's such a stinking mess!"—then, with a sigh, nodded toward a door to his left. Deftly, Charlotte preceded Crawford and flipped on a light-switch just inside the entrance.

The words *stinking mess* hardly did justice to the confusion and destruction that met his gaze. Diane's earlier phrase about the room having

been sacked by Vandals covered the situation far more closely. During the war, Crawford had seen some pretty thorough jobs of wreckage, but he could not remember seeing a more complete individual piece of destruction.

All at once, what had seemed like a milk-run, governed by the whims and moods of an overspoiled, over-rich young woman, took on serious overtones. Gazing at the motiveless mess, he actually felt a sort of small shiver run up his spine, the sort of shiver defined by the superstitious as "someone running over your grave."

Instead of laughing inwardly at his assignment, he found himself hoping that nobody was going to get killed...

LESS THAN TWO hours later, in the luxurious bed and bedroom to which Diane had assigned him, Crawford thought for one dreadful moment that the impending victim was going to be himself. He had been asleep for about half an hour, only to be roused by the sound of the door being gently opened. In view of what had been occurring in Diane's tile and fieldstone mansion, he had not permitted himself the luxury of deep slumber.

As he came awake, he caught sight of something flying his way out of the corner of an eye. He ducked as it swooped toward him like some

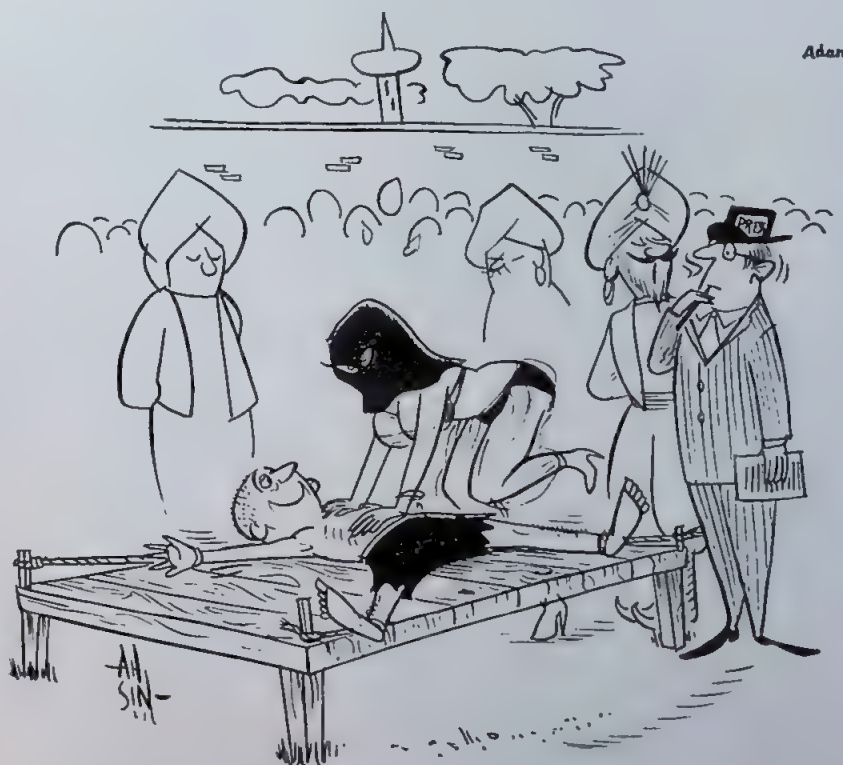
implacably guided missile, to hear the unidentified flying object crash against the wooden French Provincial bedstead and thud gently upon the pillow beside his head. Moving with the swiftness of a human cobra, the detective sat up, reached for the light-switch and pressed it.

The object that had so nearly brained him was one of a pair of heavy silver candlesticks he had noted atop the bureau before turning in. The person in the half-opened doorway was Charlotte Ryan, Diane Carden's first cousin and housekeeper.

Again moving swiftly as a great snake, the investigator leaped from his bed and across the carpet. Rapidly, brutally, he drew her inside, shutting the door silently behind her. She was clad in diaphanous nightgown and negligee that revealed rather than concealed a fine full softness of breast, a shapely stomach and hips and thighs. Her dark eyes were again round with terror as he drew her to him—as usual, he had gone to bed nude and hardly felt the moment one for modesty. Her soft lips parted, but no sound came from them.

"You sneaking, conniving little bitch!" he said, crushing her tiny wrists in a brutal grip. "I ought to beat hell out of you, then turn you over to the cops."

—turn to page 54



"We feel that execution by suffocation is the most humane!"





Bachelors, flee for the hills! The German invasion is on with the irresistible Gohlke sisters!

Organization Girls

by ROGER TURRELL



IT HARDLY TAKES a connoisseur of women to see that the two girls glowingly depicted in the photo-illustrations on these pages are well organized. Doris (brownette) and Margo (redhead) Gohlke are, in fact, delectably organized, from the soles of their sweet little feet to the topmost hairs atop their fascinating heads. What the pictures fail to show, however, is how thoroughly organized they are in the business of being sisters, along with a third Gohlke girl, Gisela, whose secretarial job forbade her taking time off to pose with the other two.

"We do everyzing togedder," says Margo mournfully, "and Gisela, she is prettier then we are."

You express more than merely polite disbelief, for Doris and Margo are very pretty girls indeed, but Margo promptly produces a picture that, while it fails to prove the absent Gisela any prettier, puts her well on a par with the two Gohlkes on hand. For the book, Gisela is 22, Doris is 21, Margo 20. All three girls are five feet six inches tall, while Doris weighs 125 pounds and tapes in at 39-25-37 and Margo at 100 pounds and 36-22-35. The girls were born in Berlin, and emigrated from that city early in 1959 with their mother.

To get some idea of what a formidable if enticing organization the Gohlke sisterhood presents, listen to Doris as she reveals, "When my



mozzer used to go out and leave us in ze apartment with ze door locked, we would tie some sheets togezzzer and slide down them to go on dates."

"Yes," says Margo, her eyes alight at the memory, "and if one of us had anozzzer date, one of us would pretend to be her. We get ze boys so confused..."

The girls lost their father on the Russian Front during the war, and have come to Hollywood to live and become both American citizens and film actresses if possible.

"We look for a good agent," says Doris firmly. "One who does not talk all ze time but finds us jobs. Meanwhile, we model and work at ozzzer tings."

By way of experience, all the girls have business and dramatic training, have worked as fashion models in Berlin and have made comedy shorts and commercials for UFA and CCC, the two leading German film studios. They can and often do make their own clothes and Doris is a trained fashion designer to boot. Also for the record, they are all single.

Reveals Doris when asked about sex, "Who doesn't?" As for men, she adds, "I find good men and bad ones here in America. German men? Never mind them!"

Says Margo of sex, "After all, sex is half of life. Living—just eating

and sleeping and all that, is ze odder half."

Sounds like an eminently fair division—also an intriguing one. To add to the intriguing bit, all three girls sleep in the nude. Adds Doris, "When we first got to Hollywood, Margo and I were alone in zis big house. Mozzer and Gisela were in Montreal and did not come here till later. Margo and I were scared to death of burglars at night. Before we went to bed, we looked over the whole house to make sure everyzing was shut tight. Den we slept in one room and piled cabinets against ze door. Goodness!"

While this is the Gohlkes first trip to California, it is their second journey to North America. During 1958-9 they spent some months in Montreal. "We have relatives dere," says Margo.

"We have relatives all over America," Doris chimes in. "New Jersey, New York, California... Goodness!"

They love California but find that adjusting even to California easy living has its problems. "I love hats," says Doris. "I have thirty of them. In Berlin or Montreal, I never left ze house widout putting on a hat. Here in California, who ever wears a hat?"

"I have twelve," reveals Margo. "I like hats, too, But not here."

Adds Doris, "We have more fun in





Berlin because we know more people. Here, every man says he is producer, and you know what that means. In California, everyzing is gold that shines, or have I got it wrong?"

You suggest that what Doris is striving to say is, "All that glitters is not gold." And you suggest that they seem unlikely prospects for long loneliness in California or anywhere else, so not to worry.

"Who worries?" asks Margo brightly.

Hobbies? The Gohlkes read and paint and play the piano and accordion and sing—"but only for ourselves." Outdoors, they swim, play golf and tennis—"not very well, but

we love it!"—and what Doris describes as "fedder-ball wid a stick."

You finally figure out she means badminton, a name which puzzles her. But her dark eyes glow as she adds, "At dat game, I am very good."

Both girls smoke occasionally and prefer vodka to other alcoholic beverages. Doris describes herself as a "chicken and spare-ribs girl—and I love German chocolates!" Margo, looking deceptively demure, says, "Put me down for ze same."

The girls, who are of Polish-Russian ancestry on their mother's side, like the music of what they call the "Hungarian brazzers at ze Belaire Hotel" and express a fondness for Dino's Lodge, an afterdark resort on

the Sunset Strip owned by singer-actor Dean Martin. "It has such a European atmosphere," explains Doris, which may come as news to Martin.

What sort of man are they looking for in the U.S.? Says Doris, "I want a gentleman, a sporting man, with many interests, and unselfish."

"Put me down for ze same," says Margo.

When they find their men, the lucky guys won't have a chance! The Gohlkes are far too well organized to let them get away. So, if you are a gentleman, a sporting man, with many interests, unselfish with beautiful girls—look out!



To cut the gut and slim the flab, here's
ADAM's answer to the sagging Ab

Playboy Without A Pot

by JOHN C. SZARKO



In the Charles Atlas world of today, there's no individual better known for his collection of "abs" (nickname for abdominals) than 32-year old IRVIN KOSZEWSKI.

HAVE YOU EVER stood in front of a full-length mirror hoping to see the chiseled, muscular ridges of a belly in peak condition? If you sport a slightly sagging condition commonly referred to as a "pot", perhaps this isn't all you can't see.

Personally — as a young (28), married (legally), busy (father of four), urban (California diggings), male (I read ADAM)—I never thought I'd find the time to do something about it. But when my jocks started to pinch where they shouldn't, I took counsel with logic (and temporarily settled for a larger-sized pair of jocks).

In the Charles Atlas world of today, there's no individual better known for his collection of "abs" (nickname for abdominals) than 32-year old Irvin Koszewski. The title "Mr. Abdominals" would be a hard one to take away from Irvin since his name is practically synonymous with that part of the body. He earned the tag by winning the "Best Abdominals" award in the Mr. America contests of 1950, 1952, 1953 and 1954. (Oddly enough, his entry into the field of Greeks-and-Romans is attributed to the fact that as a boy Irvin suffered from a *hernia*! "Exercise was cheaper than buying a truss," he claims.)

I approached Irvin one day at the local sweatshop and confronted him with my predicament. I stressed the point that I had no intentions of entering any beauty contests, that I only sought a sensible routine to trim the mid-section.

Irvin contracted his "abs" and ran his fingers down the washboard. "Exercise," he said.

"I never let a weekend pass without some

sort of physical activity," I replied. "Handball, tennis, bowling, midnight wrestling; always something."

Irvin shook his head, "But that's not *the* thing! In any kind of exercise, time and energy are expended, and a result is produced. If you want a *specific result*, you've got to do *specific exercises*."

I popped a Tums into my mouth and mulled it over.

"A little exercise every day is always better than a whole lot all at once," Irvin added.

"Man, I dig your approach, but exactly *how* little, *how* often, and *how* long? And what about goodies?" I moaned. "Like I've got obligations!" (Business, social and otherwise.)

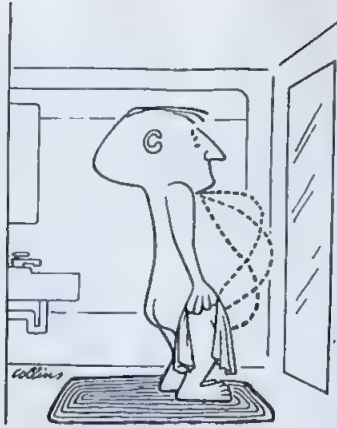
Irvin's personality changed. "The entire routine of three exercises—performed daily—takes less than 15 minutes," he answered with drill-sergeant authority. (This commercial sounded familiar.) "And—within reason—you can eat and drink anything you want."

"Calories don't count?" I asked.

"They count if all you're after is a drop in weight. You'll lose a few pounds by dieting but you'll still have the inches to contend with. This routine gets rid of the pounds, or puts them where they belong, as well as the inches."

"So, like where do I start?"

"To slice your bulge, regardless of where it's located (pots come in three positions—upper, middle and lower), *bomb it* (gym term meaning "to hit it incessantly") with the one exercise meant for the job. (Check the pretzels.) If you're an unfortunate who owns a three-in-one combo, do all three."



Author's Note: I have found that since the amount of time necessary to perform the exercise is so infinitesimal, you can always puncture any responsibility (business, social or otherwise) to squeeze out the few minutes required to complete the routine.

For example, should the routine catch you at a time when you're dispensing a social obligation, try conning your guest into training with you. Nothing like a training partner to stimulate you toward bigger and better belly-building attempts, providing she doesn't misconstrue the issue as an odd mating preliminary, or your cute way of suggesting that she's getting fat.

"What happens when I reach the fifty mark?" I asked Irvin.

"By that time you'll have perfected your form to do one of three things."

"You mean I'm not through?"

Irvin smiled. "Once you start exercising, you're never through. All effects of exercise are transient; in order to keep what you've got, you must exercise daily."

"I'm hooked!" I groaned. "You're nothing but a physique pusher. How do I hit the mainline?"

"First, increase your repetitions to one-hundred."

"I'll never get off the stuff."

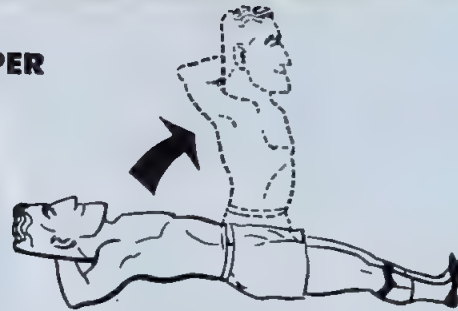
"Second," Irvin continued, "if you don't dig laying on the floor an extra minute or two, get in a race with yourself and concentrate on the speed with which you perform your fifty. Third, if you feel that either an increase in reps or speed is strictly for the birds, add some weight (a book, a frying pan, a training partner) against which the movement is performed, and start from scratch. As soon as your bodyweight-plus-five (pounds, that is) again reaches the fifty mark, add another five and repeat. Before you know it you'll be saving money on laundry with your built-in washboard."

"Crazy."

Author's Note: Next to an experienced training partner, there's nothing like using your own body chemistry as the motive power for exercising. The best time to exercise is after the day's work is done and possibly, an hour or two after your evening meal, allowing enough time to read and relax before retiring.

Thinking in terms of fringe benefits, the routine is a pretty fair physical investment. You'll prevent constipation (more loot saved on laxatives), improve your appearance (there you are, you little devil), protect your virility (!), and increase your vitality (no comment).

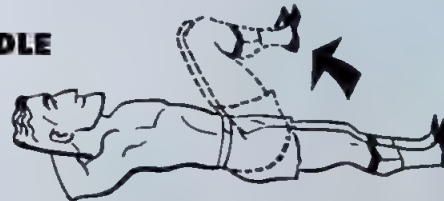
UPPER



Lie flat on the floor. Clasp your hands behind your head (or fold them across your chest if the weight of your hands behind your head forces you to remain flat on the floor). Hold the feet down—with a weight or strap—or have someone sit on them, if possible. Keeping legs stiff, sit up and go well forward. Repeat slowly and steadily from 6-12 times.

Add two repetitions every day (to the amount you managed at the start) until you reach fifty (50).

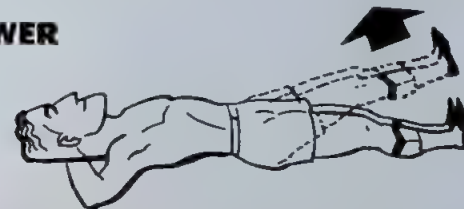
MIDDLE



Lie flat on the floor. Clasp your hands behind your head (or place them under your buttocks if the weight of your hands behind your head prevents you from doing the movement correctly). Extend your toes. Keeping your legs together, draw them back until your knees touch your chest, straighten them out without touching the floor, and bring them back to your chest again. Repeat slowly and steadily from 6-12 times.

Add two repetitions every day (to the amount you managed at the start) until you reach fifty (50).

LOWER



Lie flat on the floor. Clasp your hands behind your head (or place them under your buttocks if the weight of your hands behind your head prevents you from doing the movement correctly). Extend your toes. Keeping legs together, hold them straight throughout the movement as you raise and lower them. Repeat slowly and steadily from 6-12 times.

Add two repetitions every day (to the amount you managed at the start) until you reach fifty (50).

Caught between a virgin and a jaded boss,
Charlie became all-time hero of the laxative racket

In the Shadow of Giants

by LEWIS K. LEVINSON



"CHARLIE HEWITT, you are a total, unmitigated louse. What passes for a conscience in you wouldn't stack up against the tender feelings of a wolf looking over a little lamb. And furthermore —"

Charlie Hewitt glanced up from his newspaper and smiled amiably at the wagging finger and the rest of Miss Marcy Allen who was at the moment delivering her tirade.

"Speaking of lamb," he broke in jovially, "what's for supper? I'm hungry."

Marcy gasped once, and collapsed at his knees in a gale of tears and misery.

"Charlie, I just can't go on being a mistress. It isn't — well, it isn't decent."

It had been, he reflected philosophically, his full intention of making just that of Marcy, and the intention had been at least partially that when he had hired her as a secretary, a broke penniless little citizen of Duncan-Phyfe Corners, Ohio, seeking a fortune in the maze of New York offices.

That day, two weeks ago, he applied to the full pressure of his "benevolent-approach-to-waifs"

technique, and the result had been eminently satisfactory.

Marcy Allen had no objections to sharing his apartment and his kitchen, and quite automatically, being a successful young executive, he had assumed she would also share his bed.

That assumption had come to a scalloping halt the first evening, taking half the life out of his nervous treads.

Marcy, it appeared, belonged to a very obscure little religious group in Duncan-Phyfe Corners that found no wrong in an unattached woman keeping house for any nice bachelor she felt needed her help in making his home a warm and comfortable place. These beliefs however, did not extend to the other human comforts which had been his objective in the first place.

It helped the situation not at all, he considered gloomily, that she was probably the nicest, sweetest, most moral girl he had ever met, and unfortunately, the most attractive.

Resignedly he reached down and ruffled her blonde curls.

— turn the page

"What would you think of a guy who sent a virgin to the slaughter?" he asked.



GIANTS, from page 27

"Marcy, just because I kissed you, doesn't make you my mistress. I've kissed you before, and you seemed to enjoy it."

"But you just can't go keeping company with that red-headed creature. With me in your house, that makes me a kept woman."

"Your reasoning is obscure," he sighed. "I see no way in which my relationship with Miss Baxter has anything to do with your living here."

"But — but —" she sputtered for a moment and then fixed wondering blue eyes on his face. "It just isn't right, Charlie."

Hurriedly he made his way to the bar and poured a dose of Haig & Haig that would have made the bottlers rub their hands with glee.

"Marcy," he came back and sat down again without drinking the scotch, "Marcy, my dear sweet child, I don't try to change what you think is right, why do you have to do this to me?"

"You could send me away," she said in a very small voice. "It would be easier."

"The thought," he admitted glumly, "has occurred."

It had too, at least a hundred times in the past two weeks, usually while he tossed on the not-so-comfortable sofa bed in the living room. Somehow though, that just

wouldn't work out. Before she had arrived, his meals had seldom been at home, and the apartment, though sleek enough for any confirmed thirty year old bachelor, had always been a place to sleep or make love. At other times it was left empty.

Since Marcy, though, his stomach seemed like a new organ, and except when she curled up beside him on the sofa, or wore slacks, or something that raised Cain with what she called his "immoral desires" it was more fun than he had ever bargained for. In a kindly way he even hoped that he'd meet a girl like Marcy in twenty years or so when he was ready for marriage. It was nice to have solid food for breakfast, and spend an evening watching the five hundred dollar color TV that hadn't been used a full hour until she came.

It was impossible though, to make Marcy understand about Laura Baxter. Laura worked in the costs department, and she had a bachelor-girl's apartment complete with fireplace and bear rugs. Laura also had a few other things, and one of them was not, in any way, the naive innocence of Marcy. For one thing she would never be so indiscreet as to move into his apartment, at least not for a lengthy stay. But then, Laura cooked from frozen dinners and expensive cans that gave him indigestion, and her idea of coziness was

confined strictly to her bear-rugs, and she didn't even own a TV.

Marcy looked up at him bravely and tilted back her head with something like forlorn pride.

"I'll have to leave, Charlie, if you insist on seeing her. Maybe, you'd be happier if I did, anyhow."

He grinned down at her and shook his head.

"You wouldn't want me to die of ulcers, would you?" he asked.

The blonde curls shook vigorously.

"Okay then. Don't leave. Now go make us some supper, and we'll watch *Shotgun Trail*."

With a pleased grin she bustled away and he sighed wearily as the TV flickered to life with a man pointing an accusing finger at him.

"Do you lack ambition and a clear head?" Demanded the announcer.

"Amen," Charlie agreed sadly.

"Try Goofenslogger's Laxative pills." The announcer leered knowingly. "No varnish remover or up-setting acids like brands A,B,C,D,E, F,G,H, or I, just Mother Nature's own sweet-tasting remedy."

Charlie Hewitt gagged quietly and closed his eyes. Manufacturing the rotten guck was bad enough to but have to listen to it being sold...

ON WEDNESDAY MORNING, Charlie sat at his desk and browsed pleasantly over a sales report from Yuma. It was not only encouraging, it was wonderful. If much more Goofenslogger's was sold there it would be a candidate for the most constipated city in the United States.

Hogan's Emulsified Oil was encroaching on the Galveston area a little, but Yuma more than balanced the endless battle for control of the Alimentary Canal. If two more agents could be placed in Galveston...

The intercom buzzed imperiously and he snapped it on.

"Hewitt, come over to my office, immediately."

Charlie blinked and nodded. "On my way, Mr. Goofenslogger."

It was not unusual to be called into the presence but the tone of voice boded no good. As an afterthought Charlie cornered the sales reports and tucked them under one arm.

It was immediately apparent upon his entry into the sanctum of soft carpet, that Mr. Goofenslogger was not interested in sales reports. He snatched the sheets and abolished Galveston with one quick sweep of his jaundiced eye. Yuma was obliterated with a brief smile and the sheets flew back across the desk.

"I don't give a hoot about the re-

Adam



"You mean you traded a good 9" switch blade for a damnfool thing like that!"

ports," he growled, "take 'em and sh - - -" he paused and left the suggestion unspoken.

"What I want to talk to you about, Hewitt, is your personal conduct. I've heard reports that you have an employee living with you, in your apartment."

"Aha," Charlie said brightly. "Oh. Ah, well, I—I—I—wonder where on earth you got that idea."

"Stop wriggling, Charlie, and sit down. You look like you've had an overdose of the product, jumping around like that."

Uneasily, Charlie settled himself on the edge of the vacant chair and waited.

Goofenslogger passed a humidor across the desk and leered knowingly. "She hasn't been taking your mind off the product, has she, Charlie?"

"Oh, no sir. If you'll take another look at Yuma, you'll see—"

"To Hell with Yuma," bellowed Goofenslogger. He paused and nodded reminiscently. "Wouldn't change the temperature a bit, if it went there." He chewed a cigar meditatively.

"I noticed on the list for Friday's get-together that you don't plan to attend, my boy."

"No sir, I have other plans for the evening—"

"I don't doubt that a bit, Charlie, but I'd like you to attend, and er—bring your—uh—houseguest with you."

Charlie swallowed three times and wondered if there were some way of making the old goat believe the truth.

He glanced at Goofenslogger and shuddered. Judging from the lecherous glee on the boss's face, testimony under hot irons would not make the man understand.

"Miss Allen is not too well," he protested feebly, "and I don't know if—"

"Charlie, you've come a long way in ten years, and in many respects you're a good worker. However, I just *might* find a man who could pour a lot more of the product into Galveston."

"Galveston needs it," Charlie conceded sadly.

"Now, can I count on your attendance Friday?"

Charlie nodded gloomily. The boss's parties were famous, even in the liberal minded city of New York, for their sheer uninhibited behavior, and most uninhibited of all was the behavior of the boss himself. In the nine bedroom mansion on Long Island Ignatz Goofenslogger had col-

lected more trophies and thrown more parties than the most lustful aristocrat of ancient Pompeii.

The innate humor of the situation suddenly died for Charlie Hewitt. The boss had heard about Marcy and he had seen Marcy. Now, he had decided that he wanted her.

Once in that mansion little Marcy was done. Morality was a small obstacle to the boss. He wasn't really a bad man, but he lived by the law of supply and demand. If you supplied a woman with enough money, enough drinks, and enough toys, you had a right to demand and get anything you wanted from her.

A man did not, he reminded himself sternly, throw away a thirty thousand dollar a year job just to keep the boss from getting something that he'd get anyhow.

On the way home he consoled himself that Marcy would very likely be all the better for finding out what the world was like outside the confines of Duncan-Phyfe Corners.

At the door of the apartment she stood on tiptoe and kissed him lightly with a welcoming smile. It was her day off and she had been busy in the apartment. Something smelled wonderful in the kitchen and everything had a freshly crisp look.

After supper, he maintained a moody silence through three drinks. After the seven P.M. Commercial chanted the new promotional song,

"Goofenslogger's is going through the nation" to the tune of Rhapsody in Autumn he snapped off the set and poured another liberal drink of anesthetic.

Properly fortified he settled down with Marcy curled up at his knees, and unburdened the whole situation to her.

When it was over, she remained quiet for a long time and then asked a question without looking up at him. "Do you want me to go to that party, Charlie?"

"A smart girl would tell me to go straight to Hell, and try to belt my ears off on her way out the door," he evaded.

"Please don't swear, Charlie."

"I'm sorry." He glared at the empty glass as if it were an enemy. "I guess I'm a heel, Marcy, but I value the life my income can buy. I'm not the kind who can settle for a small home in a middle-class subdivision and a shuttle-bus ride to work every morning. I like the little extras like being able to keep an idiot girl in my apartment for no good reason, and—a lot of other things."

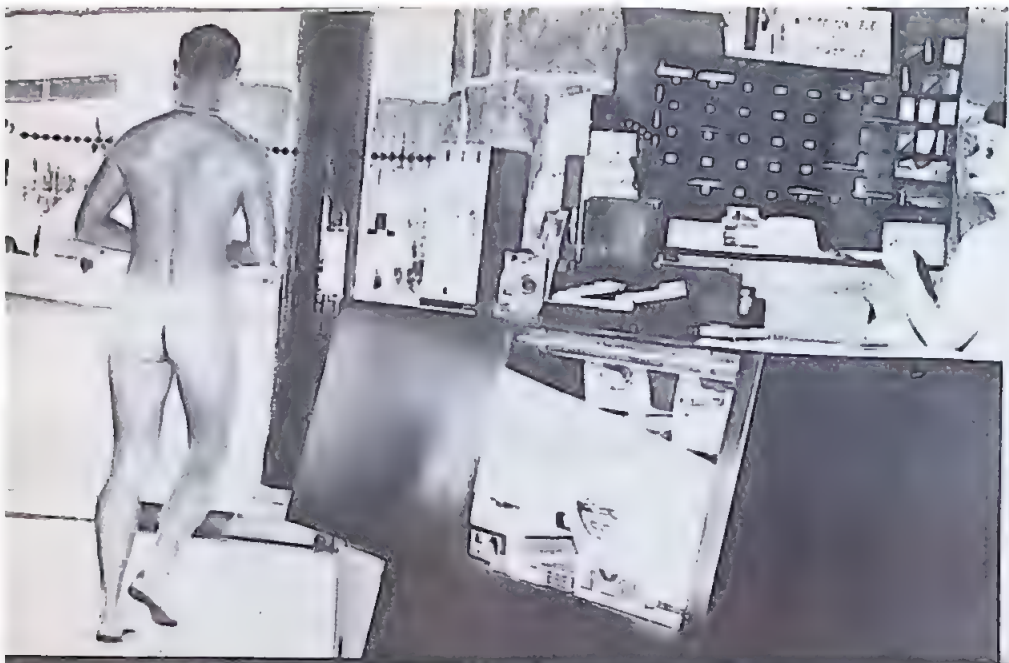
"Like Miss Baxter?" she asked bitterly.

"Yes, I'm afraid I like all the extras including Miss Baxter. As a matter of fact, I'm going to be at her place this evening." He made the de-

— turn to page 40



"You and your big mouth!"



NONCHALANT NUDE

(Orlando, Florida): Robert Zeranski does a Cook's tour with nothing on but his tan line. He had a cup of coffee in a booth, sauntered by the cashier, and was nabbed by the police. If they hadn't, someone else would have, no doubt.



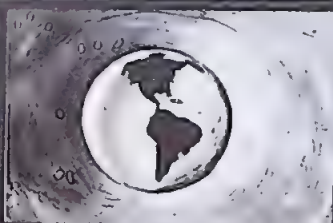
MEANWHILE IN NEW YORK:

Carol Long mugs the lens. She and the other gals were arrested in a swank *gambling* den. Forty-five men were caught in the raid.



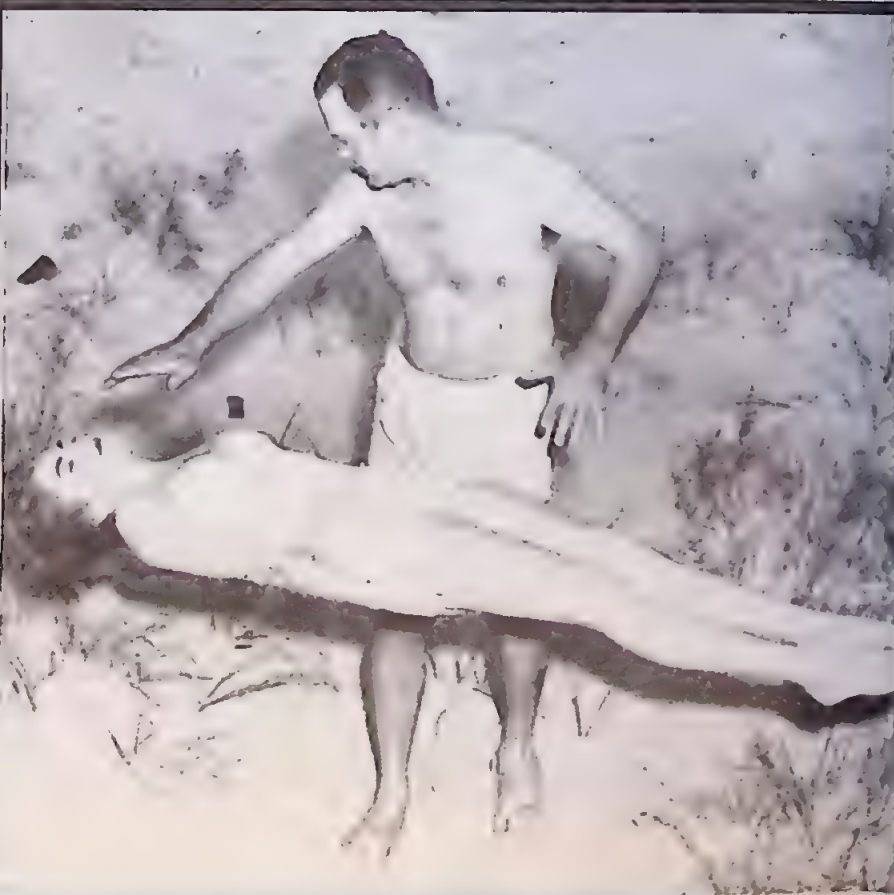
LIVE FLESH

(Paris, France): Guys and gals out for a sun bath have a hard time during the first hot days of summer finding a spot to lay the body.



FLORIDA UPLIFT

(Jacksonville, Florida): "Mars" the Magician gets a quick rise out of pretty Pat Carleton as he levitates her on the sand in Jacksonville, Florida. Of course, it's all a part of the act... his!



Adam's



BARE-BREADED DAYAK SERVES ROYALTY

(Kuching, Sarawak): During his recent Pacific tour, Prince Philip was served a cool drink by a bare-bosomed Dayak beauty. In return, she gets a cool stare in the right direction.

HIGH, WIDE AND PRETTY

(Las Vegas, Nevada): Margie Nelson, 22, shows how well the muscles of a showgirl are conditioned by a trampoline.



Photos by United Press International

'round-the-world

RON BLOWS UP A STORM

(New York City, N.Y.): Ron Randall celebrates his first day as an American citizen with his German-actress wife.



BRA-LESS DANCERS LOSE SUPPORT

(New York City, N.Y.): Last shot taken of the female dancers from the controversial Ballet Africain before they cover their bare-bosoms. Show manager pointed out that staid Boston had accepted the nude bosoms, but it didn't faze the Police Commissioner.





CAVE,
from page 6

the woods and I guess he believed me.

"You've got a rabbit," he said slowly, not moving, waiting to see what I would do next.

"Yes," I said. "Lots of rabbits around here."

My God, I thought, the first man I've seen in seven years and we talk about rabbits.

"Put down that rifle," he said finally, and I saw him relax a little and step back. "I have to be careful."

I dropped the rifle and I dropped the rabbit and I followed him back to the cave entrance. He sat down and stared at me. I sat beside him on the ground. Then he laughed, a deep, hearty laugh, and I began to remember out of some way-back past the sound of a man's laughter and a man's voice. I was suddenly very happy, and I laughed, too, hard, clear down to my toes, I laughed with him.

"I'll be damned," he roared. "Well, I'll be damned."

"We're all damned," I agreed. It was very funny.

"One of you, alone. Not in a pack. Alone. And you don't even look like a woman!"

"I guess I forgot I was!"

We laughed so hard I almost cried. Then I remembered that all I was wearing was a pair of ragged dungarees and it wasn't funny any more. I was crying, sobbing as hard as I'd

been laughing a moment before. I cried out all the seven years I hadn't cried before. It took a long time. When it was over, I looked up at him and saw that he was studying me closely, and when he spoke his voice was different, quiet and kind of thoughtful.

"That's the first time since the war I've ever seen a woman cry. They're more savage than civilized these days. They run in packs like beasts. It's worst of all farther south of here. Some of them there have even reverted to cannibalism, and all of them are murderous. I've been traveling a long time and I've learned that it's safest to kill a woman first and then ask if she's friendly. But I never saw one cry."

I couldn't understand all his words but I got the idea and I shivered.

"We're not like that. We're not that bad around here."

"I could almost believe you. Almost."

"We thought all the men were dead," I said.

"I've heard of some survivors—a whole colony of them—up in the North Mountains," he went on. "That's where I'm going. Safety in numbers, you know. If I can keep dodging those female savages long enough, I'll find that colony sooner or later."

"Maybe you're the only one left." I couldn't help it, I leaned closer to him. My throat was getting tight and choky and it was hard to breathe.

"No, I've seen others. I had a buddy with me last fall, but he got careless and they caught him. About twenty-five of them. They raped him, and I mean that literally. Then they burned him alive and had him

for dinner. You're lucky I didn't kill you on sight."

"You scared me half to death," I said and then suddenly I couldn't talk or breathe at all. My head was buried in his neck and his beard was scratching my face and I didn't care, I didn't care about anything except that if he didn't kiss me I would die.

He kissed me and I died anyway, at least I thought I would. We clawed at each other like a couple of animals. He tore the dungarees right off me and he was warm and close and then closer than close. He kept whispering words into my ear. I bit his shoulder until I felt blood running warm across my mouth. After a time, we were slowly coming alive again, but we didn't move. We kept lying there on the ground in front of the cave and when I opened my eyes I saw the sky through the trees and I thought this is the way it's supposed to be, the way it was before we goofed. Everybody goofed, all over the world. Now we're paying for it.

"Don't go north," I whispered when my breath came back. "Stay here. Stay with me."

"A little while. Only a little while. Don't talk." He kissed me. I didn't talk any more. I was too busy re-learning what it's like to make love to a man, and I found it's something you won't ever quite forget. In between, we'd lie back and watch the sky, and he'd tell me lots of things about the places he'd been and what he'd seen. I liked that, too. Some of the things he said almost made me sick, but it was wonderful to listen to his voice.

"The sun's getting low," he said finally. "You'd better go back."

He helped me up and tried to get what was left of my dungarees back on me.

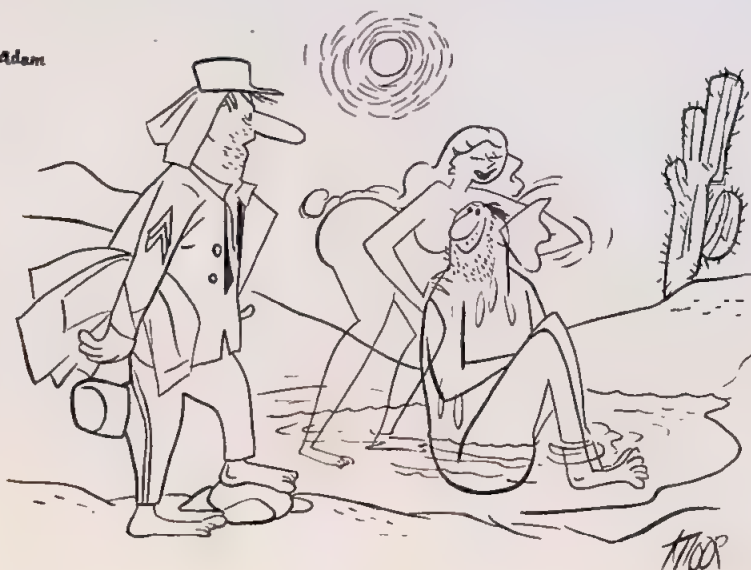
"I don't want to go back," I said. "I want to go with you."

"That's impossible. You'd never make it. If we were caught, the other women would tear you to pieces—if you're lucky. Maybe I won't make it even alone, but with you I know I'd never make it."

"Please," I said. "Please. If you—when you find that other men, maybe we could go back north together and even have kids or—"

"Don't go dreaming silly dreams. I wasn't at ground zero when the bombs hit, but I got enough radiation to know I'll never be any second Adam. There'll be no 'fine and noble human race' springing from me or from any other man I ever heard of. Forget it."

Adam



"You can find the damnedest mirages!"

"Listen. Please. Please say you'll come back and get me."

"I want to tell you something." He took my face in his hands and said, like he meant it, "This is the first time I've ever really wanted a woman. I thought I'd never be able to stand the sight of one again. But you've been like women used to be. I want you to know that."

"Will you come back and get me?" I kept after him. I had to make him say it. "Please say you'll come back for me."

He smiled the way you smile at a child, tender and tolerant.

"Sure," he said. "Sure."

I almost believed him.

I gave him the rabbit I'd killed and then I turned and ran through the woods.

IT WAS ALMOST dusk and Ma was standing at the house waiting for me. She looked at my face a long time. I'd been crying all the way home and the tears were still wet on my face.

"What did you get?" she yelled at me. "I heard a shot this afternoon. You've been gone almost all day! Well, where is it?"

"I didn't get anything," I said. "I missed."

Her voice dropped to a whisper. "You never miss. Wipe your eyes before you go in. You damn little fool!"

I wondered then, and I still wonder, how much Ma knew.

The girls were mad, real mad because I hadn't brought anything in and we had to eat those turnips again. Even Marjorie wouldn't talk to me until late that evening, which was okay with me. It had been a real good day, a brand new, shiny day. I wanted to wrap myself up in remembering so I'd never forget it, never the rest of my life.

THE NEXT DAY I went up to the caves again. I got two rabbits and a wild dog. I looked for him, but he was gone. The earth was scuffed up a little around the cave.

We ate the rabbits and the dog that night. I didn't have much to say. The girls kept saying I was acting funny, and what was wrong with me, and things like that. Marjorie made me some kind of herb tea and I drank it to keep her from fussing over me. After a week or so they quit asking me what was wrong. I was glad. I didn't want to talk to anybody.

I never told a soul about it. I figured I'd better not. And anyway, Marjorie is sort of a jealous girl.

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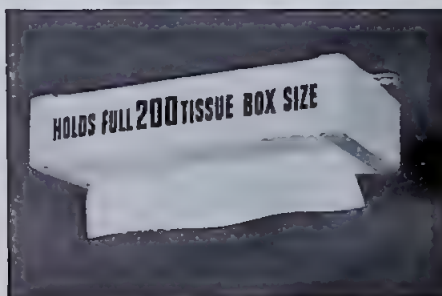
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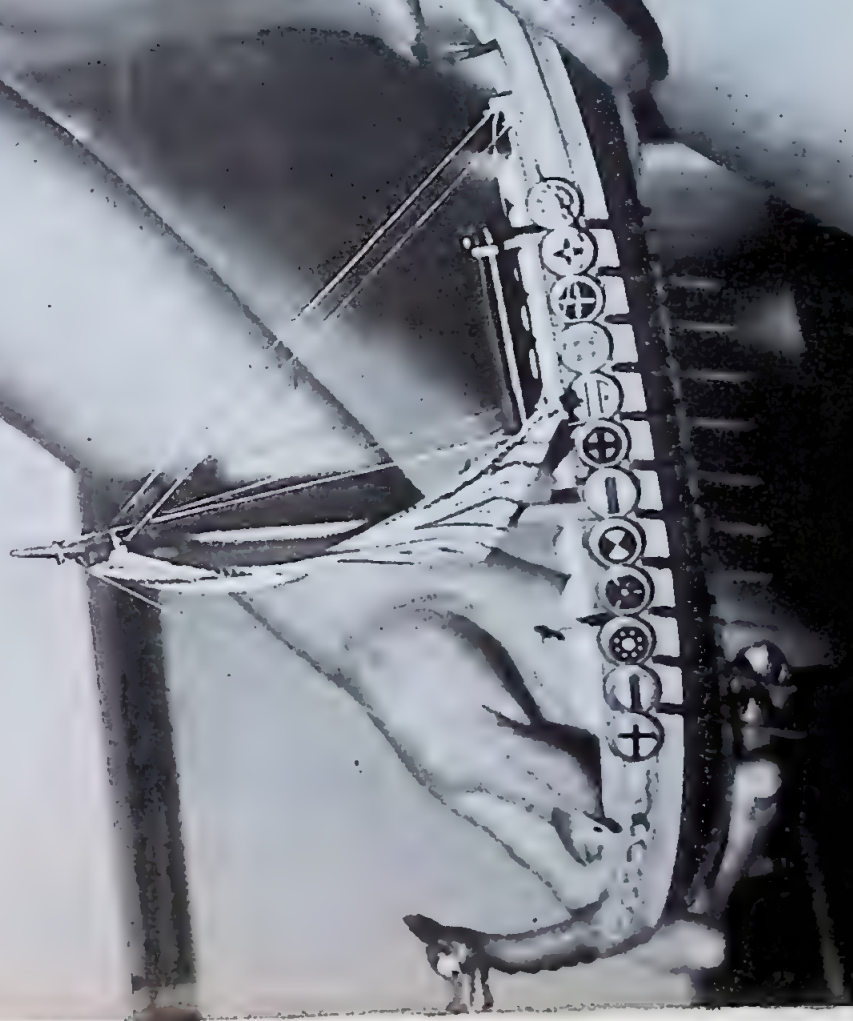
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—W. S. GILBERT
Ruddigore, II







Veteran ecdysiast Dolly Dawson trains would-be strippers in Hollywood school

Magna Cum Zip

by PETER NIMMS

IT'S LOCATED on Western Avenue near Hollywood, and, at first glance, it looks like any of the dozens of dance studios in that area. On one wall there's a tall practice mirror, across from it a bright multi-colored costume rack, and, all around, photos of familiar show business personalities, each with some inscription of best wishes "to Dolly."

Only after the lessons begin does the unsuspecting visitor realize this is a dance studio with a difference.

As "That Old Black Magic" comes rhythmically from a phonograph in the corner, a half-dozen or so curvaceous young girls begin, not the toe-spin gymnastics of classical ballet nor the leaps and glides of modern ballet, but the slow and sensuous movements of the age-old strip-tease! And, with all the seriousness of a student trying to learn trigonometry, they let their skirts, blouses, and et ceteras fall casually to the floor.

This is Dolly Dawson's College of Exotic Dancing (a genteel name for the strip-tease). The only one of its kind in the world, it came into existence because of the financial limitations that were laid on the burlesque theatres and clubs a few years ago. Up to that time there was only one school for strippers and that was the school of hard knocks. Ambitious young ladies had to apprentice themselves to the art by joining a burlesque dance chorus and keeping their eyes and ears open. The bright ones eventually learned the secrets and techniques that made for a successful performance, and were able to rise to stardom.

The others stayed in the chorus or went back to the dime store sales counters, and that was that!

— turn the page



A good stripper must be a perfectionist in her movement. Here Dolly shows two students one of the simpler poses.



The first lesson — names are selected and individual costumes sketched.

But, in time, mounting production costs just about made the chorus obsolete, and now very few producers can afford them. Yet, even during its worst period, the burlesque industry suffered a damaging lack of talented strippers; and today, with its growing popularity, the shortage has become acute. In an attempt to fill the need, burlesque producers began bravely hiring inexperienced strippers for solo work in the hope that exposure to a paying audience would polish them quickly into star material.

The more ambitious of these "semi-pro professionals," realizing their own limitations, soon began demanding the establishment of a qualified school they could attend between matinee and evening per-

formances, where they could perfect their techniques and develop individual styles. Four years ago, Dolly Dawson came to their rescue.

Dolly is an attractive, shapely brunette, whose voice always vibrates with warm laughter. Her own career ranges over three decades, starting in 1929 when she joined the touring companies of various Broadway musicals. In less than a year she was recognized as "a performer of rare skill and timing."

As Dolly tells it, "I didn't know there was a depression until the 30's when the legit theatres and touring companies began to fold. This was a big time for burlesque, so I became a straight woman—you know, the gal who works with the comic in the sketches. And I worked with the biggest: Phil Silvers, Red Buttons, Bob Alda, Jack Albertson, Joey Faye... It was quite a training ground!"

So successful was she in this field that she is still in demand. Since burlesque comedy took asylum in television, she has made innumerable appearances with Milton Berle, Phil Silvers, Jackie Gleason (as his first television wife), and a long list of others.

Through the '30s, burlesque comedy waged a brave but unsuccessful war against the stripper. The sketches became more rowdy and ribald, but nothing helped. The audi-

ences were cheering on the stripper and hooting off the comic.

So the comic's wages dropped. To save expense, a stripper would step in to play the straight woman in the sketches. The "straight" straight woman was no longer needed.

In 1937, Dolly Dawson became a stripper. "One of the comics I was working with came back to my dressing room after a show and said, 'Try these on.' He was carrying a G-string and pasties. I raved up and down that I'd never wear anything like that, but the next evening, there I was, wearing them! It seems I'd just gotten used to having breakfast and dinner every day."

By the early '40s she was in the big time. With her background in musical shows and burlesque comedy, she was able to bring humor and excitement into her act, and, until 1948—when she retired from stripping—she was in constant demand in the major burlesque circuits.

A year ago, the lure of the television industry and 320 days of sunshine per year prompted Dolly to move her "college" and her husband, comic Eddie Ennis, from New York to Hollywood. Since its inception four years ago (in New York), the College of Exotic Dancing has attracted the nationwide attention of the burlesque industry, and Dolly has successfully graduated several



The strip itself is a matter of individual personality and each movement must be perfect.



Every part of the girl's act is carefully mentored to eliminate any slight flaw in her delivery.

students — Sheila Ryan for one — into the top shows in Las Vegas and at Minsky's.

"A good stripper is a good business woman," are the first words Dolly speaks to her new classes. "You've got to know what publicity works for you, what against you. Above all, you've got to know what sells on stage, what will make you appealing, charming, and totally feminine. Beauty is something deeper than a perfect body or flawless face, even under a spotlight. Sexiness is something more than taking off your clothes. It's an excitement you generate, a spark. And either you've got it, or can develop it, or you're nowhere!"

Before the first lesson, Dolly sits down to a long friendly chat with each girl. Her purpose is to uncover the girl's actual personality, a personality Dolly will attempt to retain in the girl's costume, music, and choreography. During this chat, Dolly begins sketching an original costume which will serve as prototype for the next few years, or until a style change is thought advisable. While the costume is being made, the girl begins her first lessons in moving about on the stage.

Like any dancer or model, the good stripper must learn the proper way of walking, turning, and sitting. Once learned, she is ready for the specialized skill of the bump and grind, and the pose.

The bump and grind is not in itself difficult to learn, but integrating it into a dance, developing perfect timing, and losing self-consciousness and awkwardness, requires endless hours of practice. The pose, where the girl must stand absolutely motionless for several minutes, is even more difficult, and Dolly has developed several difficult positions for practice. Once these are conquered, any pose will be an easy challenge.

While the student stripper is mastering these necessary skills, she is simultaneously learning the complex art of stage make-up. Dolly, as an advocate of the "natural look," encourages subtle use of cosmetics, usually just enough so the girl's facial features are not lost under the bright stage lights. "The audience wants to see *you*," she explains, "not a Max Factor mummy."

The practice goes on and on, hour after hour, week after week. But eventually, the long, discouraging, rigorous hours of basic training are over, and student stripper is given her first custom-designed costume.

away the catalogue costume she has been wearing, all her energy and enthusiasm return. The hardest work is yet to come, but she is ready to face it.

At last the choreographer is ready to begin working with her. A special act — suitable to her personality — must be developed. Long experience has taught that a sweet girl

that will attract attention, and which the promotional men can use to best advantage.

"Sally Smith just won't go any more," Dolly explains laughingly. "Today you get a name from the weather — like, say Tornadoe Breez —, or a miracle drug — like Milly Towne — 'or something in the news — like Cassy Trowe, The Cuban



For graduation, costumes are custom designed and fitted.

just can't be seductive, and a seductive girl falls flat when she acts sweet. So the musical orchestrations and the "gimmicks" of the act must suit the girl's personality perfectly.

Now, although she is working three, four, and sometimes five shows a day, the student stripper must spend every available hour studying and rehearsing. In short time, she will be ready for breaking into the major circuits.

During these weeks, she attends lectures and demonstrations by star strippers whom Dolly invites as often as they can come. Here, the student stripper learns the finer points of her art and gets to know the professionals on a friendly, non-professional level.

At last, the day of the final lesson comes. This lesson, though, is not really a lesson at all. It is more a bull session, the purpose being to create for the student a clever name

Rebel. I'm just making these names up, of course, but that's about the size of it. My real name's Dougherty. They got Dawson off a bottle of Dawson's Whiskey!"

When the course is finished, there is no diploma or graduation ceremony. Instead, a booking agency is alerted by the "college" and, in a few short weeks, the stripper usually finds herself on stage in Vegas or Miami, with months of top-level bookings to look forward to.

For Dolly Dawson the course is never really over. Every morning, she finds several new hopefuls waiting in the foyer to be interviewed, their make-up cases in one hand, a few newspaper clippings and photographs in the other. Although they've heard how many endless and wearying hours it take to graduate *magna cum zipper*, it never seems to matter.

Somehow, stardom is worth it all!



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GIANTS, from page 29

cision at that moment. It would be better than having to face Marcy the rest of the evening.

LAURA BAXTER OPENED the door and smiled a casual welcome.

"Who killed you?" she asked, looking at his forlorn face.

"The axe has not yet fallen," he groaned, "but it cometh as surely as the rain on picnic day. I have come seeking the comfort of your sofa, your bar, and your bear-rug."

Laura laughed warmly and ushered him inside. "You sound as if the little blonde critter has turned her sunny face from you. Settle down and tell Maw Baxter all about it. Afterward we'll have a good cry together and toast each other's health with Goofenslogger's."

Ensnconced before the fireplace on a snowy fleece that owed existence far more to the laboratories of DuPont than to the bruin family, Charlie allowed his neck to be massaged by the red-headed Miss Baxter, and brooded at the fire.

"I thought you were going to tell me your troubles, lover," Laura did something at the corners of his wide shoulders that made both of them relax a little.

"What would you think of a guy who sent a virgin to the slaughter to save his own income, Laura."

She regarded him critically for a moment and then frowned. "Off-hand, darling, I'd just say that there is a name for men who secure their incomes like that. It's a rotten business, though, from what I've heard. Goofenslogger Inc., may cater to the clogged innards, but even that is at least on the up and up."

"You don't understand," he muttered. "You have a morbid mind, almost immoral, in fact."

"Like all men," she planted a resounding smack between his shoulder-blades, "you imagine your own actions to be as highly motivated as a saint, but the woman has only to hint she'd like a new mink, and she becomes a common trollop."

"There is nothing common about you, Laura."

It was, he pondered, quite true. For all her laissez faire mode of living, Laura Baxter was nothing even remotely common. She shared her bed often, but her principles, never.

"The boss wants my little blonde," he sighed. "I'm under instructions to bring her to Friday's round-up at the estate."

"Aha," Laura nodded wisely and crawled across the bear-rug to the portable bar. "The light comes."

There was something about the sinuous way Laura could move across a bear-rug, he shook his head to clear away the effect, and balanced the brandy snifter on his chest.

"You don't want the boss to share your little playmate?"

"She's the virgin I was talking about."

There was a half muffled giggle and he stared sideways at two sultry black eyes that danced with merri-ment.

"Even wool doesn't stay virgin in the same house with you, dear Charlie."

"Marcy isn't wool," he insisted seriously.

"My point exactly, Charlie," she began wriggling toward the table for cigarets and he dragged her back urgently.

"Use mine, campfire girl. You move too disturbingly."

"Now what is all the nonsense about virginity?"

"You just don't understand, Laura," he stood up and leaned on the mantel to brood at the dancing flames. "To you, virginity is only — only a word, I guess."

"Thank you, Charlie," she snapped acidly. "You are quite right. I was born in bed with a man, at the age of twenty. Prior to that I did not exist, so of course, I have no conception of what virginity is. Another piece of male logic, I guess."

"I'm sorry, Laura. What I was trying to say was, that you're well adjusted to life in the wicked city. Marcy just isn't, and I don't think she ever could be. But I have to turn her over to the boss, or else find another means of support."

Laura stared at the ceiling thoughtfully.

"So you never touched her, and everybody thinks —"

"That's right."

"You're in love with her, Charlie. I speak from the honored seat of experience. For you to live with a woman, any woman two weeks, and not touch her, can only be one of three things. Impotence, Leprosy, or Love. The first two don't seem likely."

He nodded worriedly. "I've been afraid it was something like that. It has never happened to me before and I'm at a loss. How do you get rid of it?"

Laura shook her head slowly. "I'm not quite sure. It's been so many years, you know, since I had any experience with that sort of thing. I'm at least partly in love with you

— turn to page 50

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Legacy for Lovers

by ALBERT HAYES

IF BOB LAWRENCE'S Rome-bound plane hadn't crashed against a hillside in southern France, Phil Stewart would never have opened the suitcase and found the book. Lawrence, a former schoolmate and long-time if casual friend, had dropped in on Stewart for lunch only the day before, en route to Idlewild Airport, and asked him to hold the suitcase until his return.

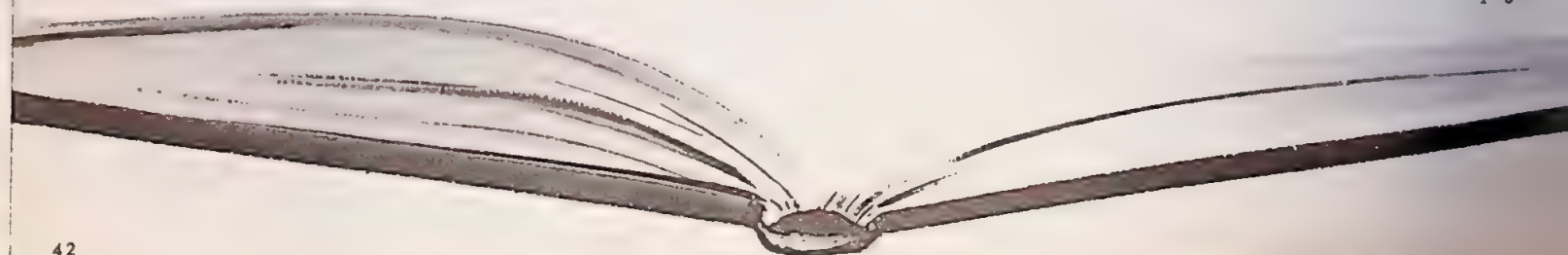
"It's just some personal stuff I don't want to take with me and don't want to leave at home," he explained, and Stewart, glad to do his old friend a favor, had stashed the bag in a corner of his office, intending to take it home for storage in his split-level house in Mount Vernon.

Now, shockingly, Bob Lawrence was dead in a mass of flaming wreckage across the Atlantic, along with 72 others. There had been no survivors of the worst civilian air crash of the year. During the late-afternoon lull in his import-export business, Phil Stewart found himself suffering a delayed reaction to news of the disaster, which he had picked up over the radio-news program at breakfast.

It brought home to him, sharply, the fundamental uncertainty of existence, an uncertainty Stewart found highly distressing. He had lived his 38 years with his feet on the ground, planning every career and domestic step carefully, refusing to let his sound, conservative instincts be waylaid by the ephemeral concerns that caused so many of his colleagues and competitors to develop ulcers, to take up Zen Buddhism, or to spend large, undeductible sums having their souls probed on psychiatric couches.

Now, for no rhyme or reason, Bob Lawrence was gone, cut off in his early prime by an unaccountable, unforeseeable disaster. And Phil Stewart was shaken. He believed in

— turn the page





"Darling," she murmured.
"this is Thursday. Remember?"

In the fantastic volume,
Phil discovered a world of pleasure
he never thought existed

LEGACY, from page 42

logic, and Bob's death, on the eve of completing a major sales coup in Europe, was illogical.

His eye fell on the suitcase, prim and black in the corner, half concealed by the brown-leather sofa. His first impulse was to have it shipped, unopened, to Bob's widow in Denver. After all, with Bob dead, it seemed the obvious, the proper thing to do...

But a remark his late friend had made before leaving, a confidential dropping of his voice, an odd little smirk, combined to give him pause. What was it Bob had said?—"If Mary ever spotted what's inside, she'd skin me alive. I didn't dare leave it at home..."

All in all, Phil decided, it might be wiser, more discreet, to open it and check the contents before sending it west. Also, he was curious. There had been an easy-going quality, almost a raciness, about his old friend that suggested he and Phil had followed very different, if equally successful, paths in life. He lifted the suitcase onto the sofa and opened it, noting its unexpected heaviness as he did so.

It was filled with books. In general, Phil felt reading, unless for a specific purpose and profit, a waste of time. He distrusted men who read widely, indiscriminately, and thus packed their lives with ill-assorted theories. Since he had regarded Bob Lawrence as a well-directed person, he was puzzled that his former schoolmate should have packed a suitcase with books, especially books he did not wish his wife to discover.

Furthermore, most of the volumes the suitcase contained, at first viewing, seemed cheaply and poorly bound. Phil, who prided himself on the symmetrical, gold-tooled morocco-leather bindings of the unread classics that lined one wall of his study, was distressed that his friend should have made such untidy purchases.

He picked up a volume at random, opened it and froze at the illustration he saw. The drawing was crude, the printing worse—but what it portrayed was so far outside of Phil's experience and range of acceptance that it affected him like an unexpected blow to the solar plexus. It revealed two couples, nude, engaged in the most openly lascivious entanglement he had ever seen. It was... he searched for a word, since indecent seemed far too mild a term for what the drawing revealed.

Blushing a fiery red, he glanced at the text on the opposite page, read two paragraphs and slammed the book shut. If anything, it was more graphic, more clinical, more horrifying than the illustration. No wonder, he thought indignantly, that Bob Lawrence had not dared leave such stuff around his house or office, for his wife or secretary to pick up!

Panic seized him. What if Miss Layne, his own secretary, should walk in unannounced, as she did from time to time despite his repeated and firm instructions for her not to enter his office without buzzing? Feeling anger at his late friend for saddling him with such a mess. Phil darted to his desk, rang Miss Layne on the intercom and told her

he was not to be disturbed on any account until further notice.

Then, drawn by a force he could neither explain nor resist, he moved slowly back to the Pandora's box of a suitcase lying open on the sofa. Taking shuddering inventory of its contents, he noted "My Lives and Loves" by Frank Harris (2 volumes, paperbound); "In a Persian Garden" (bound in cheap buckram); "The Sex Life of England" by Dr. Iwan Block (illustrated); "The Turkish Art of Love" (one volume); "The Complete Works of the Marquis de Sade" (6 volumes, illustrated); "The Sexual Life of Japan" by Becker (one volume, buckram bound); and so on...

He was in the process of piling them back into the suitcase, unread, when he noticed a larger, flatter, single volume half-buried beneath the de Sade works. This one, amongst all the works his friend had left with him for keeping, was beautifully bound in soft blue leather, was of folio size and liberally and tastefully adorned with gold leaf.

It was, he discovered, a translation of Aretino's poems on sex-postures, attributed to Thomas Dryden and illustrated with beautiful copper-plate reproductions of 17th-century French master Boucher's paintings on the same subject. If the other contents of the unfortunate Bob Lawrence's suitcase were tawdrily put together, this one volume was a masterpiece, even to such a Philistine as Phil Stewart.

It was also the most erotic of all of them—its very excellence of words, picture and mounting adding to its effectiveness as a piece of erotica. Staring at the incredible pictures of incredible he-and-she doings, Phil was further surprised by the romantic titles the creators had given to the most astounding acts—titles like "Rose in Bloom," "The Crocus," "The Straight Palm"...

His first impulse—to have the suitcase and its entire contents burned—was obviously out of the question. The Aretino-Boucher volume was obviously of great value. As for sending the suitcase to Bob's widow in Denver... the mere thought caused his forehead to burst into sweat, as did the thought of what her thoughts would be on receiving the stuff.

Consideration of this woman he had never seen, not unnaturally caused Phil to cast a thought toward his own wife, Louise. What, he wondered, would Louise think of his unexpected legacy! He had selected her as his mate, after an almost

Adam



virgin youth, as carefully as she and her family had selected him. Louise, he thought, was all that a rising young businessman could ask for in a wife—she dressed well, ran a perfect house, entertained impeccably and belonged to all the proper suburban clubs and service groups, save, of course, to the PTA.

Being neither parent nor teacher, she was ineligible. That the Stewarts were childless, after six years of marriage, was one of those things, according to the several costly specialists they had consulted separately or together. There was nothing organically wrong with either of them. They wanted children desperately—all their friends had them—but to date their union had not been blessed with offspring. So, twice a week religiously, in accord with their custom ever since their two-week Bermuda honeymoon was ended, they copulated hopefully but without result.

Merely to consider Louise in the same thought-conjunction with the volume he had in his hand was, Phil thought with a shudder, almost blasphemy. He supposed there were people, even today, who practiced such postures. But not Louise, who made a near-religious ritual of the act! Yet, spurred by the words and pictures he was holding, he could not help but wonder...

A glance at his watch informed him he would miss his usual commuter's train unless he hurried. Laying down the Aretino, he closed the suitcase and thrust it out of sight behind the sofa. He would tend to it later. He headed toward the door, saw out of the corner of his eye the insidious volume he had neglected to pack in his confusion—and picked it up and carried it out of the office with him.

Outside, prim and proper as only a veteran career-secretary can be, Miss Layne bade him good-night from her citadel behind the outer desk. Blushing, he held the book on the opposite side of his body, title-in, and managed to mumble a good-night. Outside, he purchased a newspaper and slid the volume inside its sheltering pages before sprinting for the subway. He hid himself, on the commuter's train, in an unaccustomed seat in an unaccustomed car, so none of his friends would uncover his secret.

Upon arrival at the Mount Vernon station, twenty minutes later, Phil was annoyed to discover Louise missing from the bank of wives awaiting their husbands in sports-cars and station-wagons. He was

forced to take a cab home, where his annoyance was mixed with relief to discover the house empty. Thanks to the confusion into which Bob Lawrence's death and books had thrown him, Phil had forgotten that this was Wednesday, the night Louise dined and heard a horticultural lecture with her African Violet Club. As usual, Hilda the maid had her night off, too.

In a way, he was glad the house was empty—it saved his having to conceal the book. After removing his wraps, he mixed himself a scotch and soda and retired to his study, there to consider how best to handle the impossible situation. The best hiding place, he told himself, is usually the most obvious. He regarded the tome in front of him, then looked at the even rows of leather-backed volumes in his shelves. If Poe's detective in "The Purloined Letter" could be baffled at its being hidden in a letter-case, then surely he could hide his damning book amongst its kind in the shelves—or, if it failed to fit, wedged in back of, say, Dr. Eliot's "Five Foot Shelf."

But first, he opened the volume. This time, he read it from cover to cover. By the time he had finished, eight more whiskeys had made their way down his gullet and, for the first time since New Year's Eve last, Phil Stewart was plastered. When his wife returned, she found him snoring gently in bed, completely undressed save for his jockey-shorts, his garters, and his shoes. In some mysterious manner, he had managed to remove his socks.

"It's all right, darling," she told him the next morning. "Bob Lawrence's death probably meant more to you than you thought."

"You can say that again!" he replied, lifting a cup of black coffee to his lips with shaking fingers. "One day you're here—the next day, gone. Just like that!"

"That's not positive thinking, Phil," why are you staring like that?"

"Eh? Oh—was I? I'm sorry," he replied. He could feel his face grow hotter. Something strange was happening to him. For the first time, he found himself looking at Louise, not as wife, homebuilder, career-aid and prospective heir-begetter—but as a woman, a machine for pleasure, someone with whom to indulge in the bizarre love rituals revealed by Boucher and Aretino in the volume Bob Lawrence had left with him.

At 27, Louise was, he discovered to his surprise, very close to being a

—turn to page 66

SEX harmony

If you, like most virile men, cannot 'wait' for your wife—if your climax comes too fast, leaving her unsatisfied and frustrated—then you should read 'A Doctor Discusses Sex Harmony'. This didactic booklet shows you a safe, simple and effective way to easily delay your climax, prolong the union and pleasure.

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Le Grisbie Paris

SHOULD YOU chance to find yourself on the *rue* Quentin-Bauchart near the Champs Elysee with nothing to do, some evening after 11 o'clock, you could do a lot worse than to seek out a marquee labeled *Le Grisbie*, descend a few steps and sit down at a table to watch the fun. *Le Grisbie* is slang for "dough" in Paris, and with scotch at 1,000 francs a shot (\$2) and champagne 7,500 a bottle (\$15), you'll be needing your little booklet of American Express checks.

Backbone (and a sexy, slithery spine it is, too!) of the show consists of five strippers. Their origins may be international, since they stem from Russia, Italy and Germany as well as France, but they whip into their wild routines with true Gallic verve and lack of inhibition.

The sultry brunette shown in the near nude on the previous pages is 20-year-





It's girls, girls, girls at the hottest supper club in the French capital!



Stellar attraction is German born Charlotte Opel.



The first lesson — names are selected and individual costumes sketched.



nude on the previous pages is 20-year-old Karin, a Russian-born child of voluptuous nature who has her dark eyes set upon a dramatic career. The acrobatic blonde shown with and without her python, is Charlotte Opel, a 24-year-old native of Berlin whose limber sexiness and daring with the serpent make her one of *Le Grisbie's* star attractions.

However, the biggest show-stopper is blonde, toothsome Jackie Flor, whose undulations to the wail of the saxophones is described as "pure art". Jackie, who is 23 and, at five feet six, tall for a French girl, is a former featured dancer at the Folies Bergere and has been starred for three years at *Le Grisbie*. Like other French strippers and unlike her American counterparts, Jackie begins her act with little on and wastes small time getting down to her delectable fundamentals.

Other features of the show at *Le Grisbie* include a comic and a strip-tease puppet show, but these are tossed in merely to give the hard-working girls a chance to catch their breath and change costume. The show runs without a break until 4 a.m., and it is easy to see why *Le Grisbie* rates as one of the top cellar clubs in Paris. 🌸





GIANTS, from page 40

—have been for a long time, but I don't think I'd be disturbed about your innocence or the loss of it. All I can suggest is treat it like measles, and let it run its course."

"Not with Marcy in old Goofenslogger's clutches."

"I could probably seduce him on Friday evening and spare little Marcy the difficulty. I'd net at least a new car on the deal, and —"

"And next Friday it would be Marcy again."

She nodded sadly. "He's very single-minded about those things."

"I could marry her," he shuddered, "and then divorce her in a few months."

"He'd still fire you for not playing fair."

"Uh-huh. I guess that would be pretty dirty." He settled his tie and shrugged. "I think I'll go home."

THE APARTMENT WAS dark when he let himself in and he snapped on the one floor lamp in the corner near the bar.

It would have been so nice, he

dropped into the easy chair, if he had just been born a lucky guy in Noplace, USA, and liked things like little frame houses and small towns where there wasn't anything to do even on Saturday night.

Carrying the Haig & Haig bottle he nudged his way into the bedroom and stood over the bed, looking down at Marcy's rumpled hair and peaceful face.

"Hi."

She awakened quickly and looked up at him.

"I'm home," he said simply.

She sat up and looked at him unhappily.

"I decided something, Charlie."

He sat on the edge of the bed and put the bottle on the floor between his feet. "I don't blame you," he said quietly.

"I'm going to go to that party Charlie. And then I'm going to go home to Duncan-Phyfe Corners. I made a terrible mistake thinking the whole world was like home. It isn't really you and the people like Laura who are wrong. I always thought there was just one person, one way of being in love. But that's silly. Tell me that it's silly, Charlie."

She wasn't crying, and that seemed to make it all the worse. How did you explain to a dry eyed girl who asked you, that a set of ethics did not apply to people as much as

did the spur of plenty and affluence in a great city where want and struggle were the laws of survival.

You had to sell your soul to a man with a stupid name like Goofenslogger, and sing idiotic chants like a national anthem, and all of a sudden none of the things that were so funny and meaningless were funny or meaningless anymore. You realized that none of it was permanent or had any substance except the money you were paid, and even that could feel like a sick weight of disease on your conscience. The dry wit was in reality, the aridity of a sterile existence, and the man in the street, the one you chanted your slogans at, had more than you.

"It isn't silly," he shook his head dazedly. "It isn't silly at all, Marcy. Good night."

Halfway across the room she called to him. "Come back, Charlie Hewitt."

IT WAS A QUIET party as parties went at the mansion. Not more than a dozen people were too drunk to dance on the miniature dancefloor to the frantic rhythm of the miniature orchestra.

The boss did not drink at all. It was his custom on house-parties never to indulge in anything that would dull his appreciation of his guests.

Charlie Hewitt sat at one of the larger tables on the patio with his flanks covered by Laura Baxter and a strangely timid Marcy who seemed reluctant to loosen her grasp on his arm even for a second.

Like Goofenslogger, he had abstained from the trays of drinks and his eyes were clear above a slight smile that curved the corners of his mouth.

It had been a hard decision but now the time had come, as the old man approached the table.

With dramatic courtesy Charlie stood up and swept a hand around the table. "The rapist of Coughling Drive appears," he laughed amiably. "and we salute thee."

Goofenslogger paused, eyes apparently wide and jovial as he regarded his sales manager. "Hardly a cordial welcome," he chuckled heavily.

"Sit down."

The order was quiet, almost as quiet as the silence that fell on the party, but by tone it could have been nothing more or less than an order.

The old man sat down, not as if obeying, but as if he had planned to sit, and did so, following an unalterable course of his own choosing. His gaze was steady and questioning, but

Adam



"Say! This just might do it!"

unmoved.

"Our master has chosen a sacrifice for the night," Charlie laughed softly. "And this time he has chosen —"

"You're in very bad form tonight, Hewitt," the old man inspected the glowing tip of his cigar and flicked a spec of unburnt leaf into the onyx tray. "I suggest you go home."

"It would appear that I am not among the privileged members who will remain to see the sacrificial knife used this time."

The old man arose and smiled thinly. "I trust you will see Mr. Hewitt home, Miss Allen." He crushed the cigar out in the onyx tray with single powerful thrust and glanced at Hewitt. "Stop and see me on Monday, my boy."

The faintest ripple of a sigh passed over the room lightly. Judgement had been rendered and sentence had been passed. Charlie Hewitt nodded his acceptance and walked out of the room with the girl still holding tightly to his arm.

As they drove homeward, she watched him in the faint light of the dash and finally touched his hand lightly. "Why, Charlie? Why?"

"God only knows," he looked up at the sky and laughed without bitterness. "Perhaps because I didn't want you to go back to Duncan-Phyfe Corners thinking too badly of me."

"You — you're sending me home?"

"I'm sending you home, Marcy. Not because I want to, but because tonight I feel like a giant, and tomorrow I'll realize what I've done, and what I'll have to pay for it. I won't feel like a giant then."

"And I wouldn't be any help to you?"

"Somebody you love is always the least help when you hit the rocks."

IT WAS A GOOD Monday on which to be fired, the grey kind of day when bad things were supposed to happen. Hewitt entered the sanctum with a casual resignation.

The boss looked up disgustedly and motioned to the chair. "I suppose you know you're washed up here," he scowled darkly.

"I gathered as much."

"After the kind of performance you gave, it'll have to be someplace far away from the home office. Once a man challenges my authority openly, even in something personal, he remains a threat to the whole fabric of the organization."

"I know."

"I think you'll fit into the Galveston Office. It will mean a slight drop in salary but living is —"

"You aren't firing me?"

"No."

"I don't understand."

"I didn't think you would, because you're a damned fool, Hewitt. Have you ever wondered what it might be like to be a sixty-seven year old man with no family and a lot of money?"

"It isn't very nice. You get scared by age, because money won't buy back youth, just a lifelike picture of it. Doing that doesn't make a man overly gentle, but it doesn't make him blind either. If I'd known you were in love with that girl, this wouldn't have happened."

"I didn't feel that I should —"

"You were ashamed to even admit you had any deeper feelings than those between your navel and your knees. You felt that sophisticated people shouldn't feel such things. Well, everybody is entitled to one mistake, and you've made yours. Now get out of here and remember that people are human — even me." The door closed behind Charlie Hewitt and the door of the connecting office opened in almost the same breath.

Laura Baxter smiled at the old man winningly and perched on the corner of his desk.

"That was my part of the bargain," he grinned at her humorously. "And I think I carried it off very well."

"Wasn't any of it real?"

Goofenslogger nodded sheepishly. "Most of it. I like the boy. I've often wished that I was more like that at thirty. But he'll never reach the top. Too soft."

Laura Baxter nodded regretful agreement.

CHARLIE HEWITT STEPPED into the apartment and sniffed appreciatively. It was going to be lamb tonight.

Marcy peered around the door and looked worried. "I was making your supper before I left," she said defensively.

"You aren't leaving," he chuckled gaily, "at least not for a few days, and then we both will. We are going to Galveston."

She nodded matter-of-factly and returned to the kitchen. A second later things crashed to the floor as she stormed into the living room to stand before him with an incredulous stare.

"I'm a giant," he laughed suddenly, and took her in his arms.

She nestled close and nodded agreement with sparkling eyes. "You are," she whispered thankfully. "And you always will be."

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wretched man
missed
the first
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Adam's tales



OLD STUFF

Said Wilbur, "I'm sore at Mabel. She says I'm a wonderful guy, a lot of fun to be out with and a model lover."

Said Mick, "A model lover—what's wrong with that?"

Wilbur countered, "Well, she just traded me in for a new model."

* * *

RED TAPE

The attractive young secretary was having a dreadful time in Washington, D.C., while being interviewed for a minor government job. She was an adventurous type, who had traveled a great deal, and the official conducting the interview seemed to find this fact suspicious.

Finally, as his questions grew more and more personal, she blew her stack. "Listen, you," she said sharply. "Just because I worked in Berlin doesn't make me a Nazi..."

"I understand that," said the official.

"...and just because I worked in Moscow doesn't make me a Communist," the girl persisted. "And just because I worked in the Virgin Islands..."

She got the job!

* * *

Adam



"That's all we get anymore, nothing but browsers."

RUTH'S TRUTH

A torrid young stripper named Ruth
Was famed for her moments of truth
Till a critic exclaimed
As she bared unashamed
"Quite frankly I find Ruth uncouth!"

* * *

THE RIGHT WORD

Late one morning, a resentful and furious housewife rapped on the door of the widow who lived across the street.

"Hello, Mrs. Fietelbaum," said the widow. "What can I do for you?"

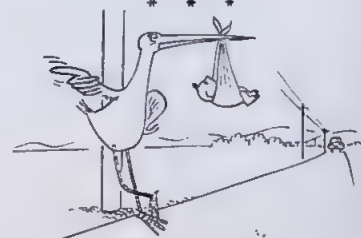
"You can stop seeing my husband," said Mrs. Fietelbaum angrily. "Don't look so shocked—the whole block is talking about his visits to you—and about how late he stays."

"I resent your tone and your manner, Mrs. Fietelbaum," said the widow. "I want you to know that any relations between your husband and myself are purely platonic."

"Ooooh!" cried Mrs. Fietelbaum. "The nerve of you. And when my husband was at your house until six o'clock this morning!"

"I repeat, our relationship is purely platonic," insisted the widow. "Play for him—tonic for me!"

* * *



WHERE, OH WHERE?

The Midwesterner was walking along a California beach early one morning, when he came upon a man, lying sound asleep on the sand although he held a fishpole in his hands and hook and line were in the water. As the hinterlander was eyeing this phenomenon, the line and pole began to jerk violently.

"Wake up, mister!" the Midwesterner cried. "You've got a bite!"

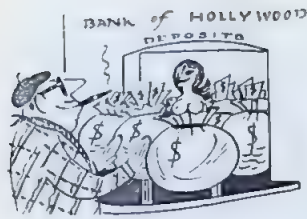
"Why, I do at that!" exclaimed the angler, yawning. "Would you very much mind pulling it in for me?"

Surprised, the tourist did as requested, whereat the lazy fisherman said, "Now, would you mind putting some fresh bait on the line and casting it out for me."

After doing so, the Midwesterner turned on the angler and said, "Anybody as lazy as you ought to get married and have a son to do all the chores for you."

"You're absolutely right," replied the angler. "Do you happen to know where I can find a pregnant woman?"

* * *



IRRESISTIBLE

It doesn't matter how much money a Hollywood producer has in the bank—he still can't resist trying to make a little extra on the side!

* * *

THE PROMISE

"Jeannette dear," said mother to daughter upon the eve of the latter's nuptials, "I want you to make me one promise for after the wedding. No matter how intimate the situation, no matter how great the temptation, I want you to promise me faithfully never to reveal yourself to Jim in the altogether. Take it from one who knows, absolute nudity is death to romance. Will you promise, dear?"

"Of course, mother," said Jeannette. And, being a girl of her word, she held to her vow. The wedding went off smoothly, as did the honeymoon, and it was not until several weeks later that Jim said, "Honey, do you mind if I ask you a personal question?"

"Of course not, darling," replied Jeannette.

"You won't get sore?" queried Jim.

"How could I, darling, when I love you so," replied Jeannette.

"Then, honey, is there insanity in your family?"

"What a question!" cried Jeannette. "Why?"

"Well, why do you put that damned hat on every night before we go to bed?"

* * *



TAKING TURNS

"And now," said the physician to the easily embarrassed young woman, "please undress."

"All right doctor," she replied, turning a fiery red, "but you first."

* * *

NO SOAP

There was a young lady of Nice,
Whose beauty was hers, not on
lease,
Yet she scared off the boys
When they tried sexy plays
By screaming aloud for the police!

* * *

PROBLEMS

Said Lois, "I'd sure love to get married, if I could only find a husband."

Said Marie, "That's funny—I am married, and I'm having the same problem."

* * *

REAL CRAZY, MAN

This way-out hipster was ambling down Vine Street one day when he spotted an organ grinder beating out off-key Neapolitan airs on a hurdy-gurdy while his tiny monkey proffered a tin cup. This hipster was entranced by the novel spectacle and stood there, watching, until the monkey came dancing up to him for a contribution.

Then he gave the organ grinder a congratulatory slap on the back and cried, "Man, I don't dig that mouldy-frog music, but you sure have got a crazy son!"

* * *



TAKEOFF!

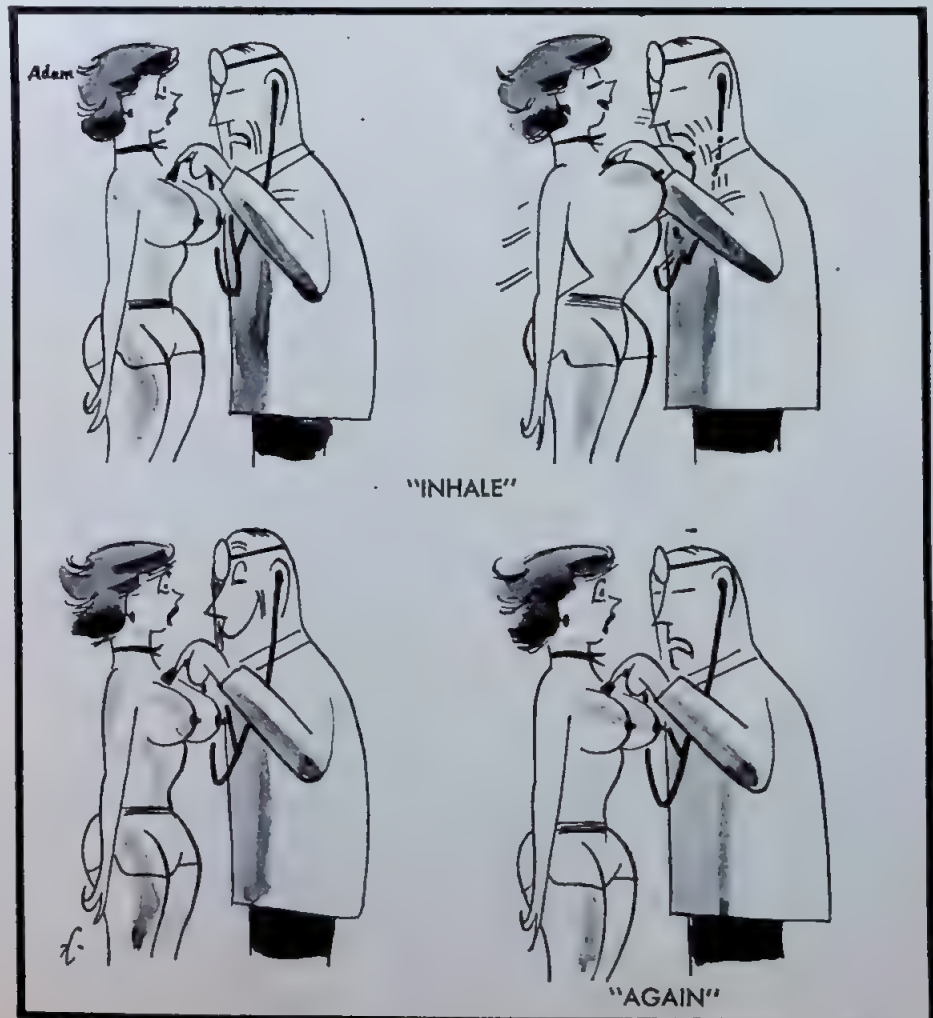
It was a whirlwind romance, and the bride hardly knew her mate—furthermore, she had been protected by her parents from the perils of life and was almost utterly unsophisticated. Hence, she was horrified when, after registering in the honeymoon hotel, her beloved disappeared early the very first night, and she never saw him again.

Returned to her parents, the poor girl did her best to explain the embarrassing situation. Said she, "we went up to our room, and I opened my bag and began unpacking. On top was my new lace nightie, the one you gave me."

"Go on, dear," said the mother. "What did he do then?"

"He saw it first," she replied, "and before I knew what had happened, he had it on and fitted out of the room—and that was the last I saw of him."

* * *





REDHEAD,
from page 19

Speech returned to her, and she gasped, "But I didn't—I mean, I only wanted to talk to you. Please, you're hurting me!"

"You damned near killed me," he accused, leading her to the bed and showing her the candlestick. "I don't know how you did it, but if I hadn't heard you open the door, I'd be a goner."

"But I didn't!" she repeated. "How could I, when I wasn't even in the room?"

Something—some ring of sincerity got through his fury. Looking down, he became aware not only of his cruel grip upon her but of his own nudity. "Sorry," he said, releasing her and reaching for his robe. "But you can hardly blame me for thinking as I did." He tied the cord around his gown, reached for cigarets and a lighter, offered her one.

"Okay, honey," he said. "What was it you wanted to see me about?"

"About Diane," she replied, putting the cigaret in an ashtray while she rubbed her sore wrists. "About Diane and about this—this mess here, this poltergeist."

"What do you know about them?" he asked, still wary. With his free hand, he picked up the candlestick and hefted it.

"Not anything—really," she insisted. "At least, not about these—manifestations. But I do know Diane—after all, we were brought up together. She's the best friend I've ever had, and while she's not always easy to get along with, she's got a heart of gold."

"So what's the pitch?" he asked cynically.

"So if somebody's trying to drive her mad, I want you to find that person and free her from him," the girl said intensely.

"If Diane were killed or locked up as crazy, who would benefit?" the detective asked.

"Nobody—that's the crazy part of it," Charlotte told him. "Oh, I suppose she'd leave me something—but not enough for anything like this. You see, Diane's whole estate is locked up in trust, at least until she marries. And then, only her children can inherit the principal."

"What makes you think I can solve

this screwball puzzle?" the detective asked.

"I know about you," replied the girl, her already low-pitched voice dropping to a whisper. "Valerie Johnson told me about you last year, when you got her out of that jam in town."

Crawford's eyebrows rose. Valerie, while beautiful, was definitely one of the frailer sisters of Manhattan. "How do you know Valerie?" he inquired.

She turned a fiery red, then went white. "Until Diane found me and gave me this job as her housekeeper-companion, I was up against it. I got along as best I could."

"Odd," he said, frowning.

"What is?" she asked.

"Well, I was about to suggest that, after what just happened"—he hefted the candlestick again—"I'm not exactly anxious to spend the rest of the night alone."

"You," she told him quietly, "are a bit of a bastard, aren't you?"

"If you know Valerie, that's hardly news," he said, rising to replace the candlestick. At the bureau, he said, "Well, honey—how about it? We might find we have a good deal in common."

"Have I any choice?" she inquired.

Returning to the bed, he regarded her and found her good. "No, honey," he replied. "No choice. What's more, you knew it when you opened my door just now."

"You are a bastard!" she replied as her hands went to the clasp of her negligee.

Crawford laughed softly as he moved to help her. The girl was here, she was good to look at, he wanted her—and that was enough.

He took her, enjoying the process almost as much as she...

THE NEXT morning, feeling vastly refreshed, Crawford was downstairs early. During the long, love-filled night, he had learned a thing or two about his hostess. Now, from Lowman and Marie, whom he questioned while they were preparing his breakfast in the kitchen, he learned a bit more—enough to give shape to the theory that was beginning to form in his subtle, knowledgeable brain.

Without question, to his satisfaction at any rate, the three members of her domestic staff were utterly loyal to Diane. Yet all testified to her being "difficult," and to her recurrent fears that everyone around her was merely out to take advantage of her. Like Charlotte, although not as early in life, the heiress was an orphan. Like many other children of wealth,

she had been given a lonely childhood, occupied by governesses, chauffeurs, tutors and the like, instead of by her parents.

She appeared while he was hungrily spooning kidneys and bacon into his mouth. Superficially, she looked as healthy-sexy as the afternoon before, but his sophisticated eyes detected the slight purple smudges beneath her lower lids, the slight tremble of her hand as she picked up her coffee.

Putting it down, she said, "Well, what progress, Crawford?"

"Some," he replied non-committally. "I believe we can clean it up today."

Diane dropped her fork with a clatter. Her voice suddenly strident, she said, "I am not going to have any of my people unjustly accused merely so that you can pronounce my problems solved."

He smiled inwardly and said, "There will be no accusations, just or unjust, I promise you that, Diane. Tell me, how is your decorator?"

She shrugged. "You're talking double-talk. As for Freeman Turner, he's all right except for a headache. He's going back to town today."

"Tell him to stay," the detective told her. "Otherwise, you'll never get that mess in your living room cleaned up."

"But I don't dare," she said, her face going white. "What if...? I mean, after last night, I simply don't dare."

Briefly, his heart went out to her. Beneath the arrogant manner lay true consideration for those around her, consideration that had won the devotion of her cousin and her staff. But his face was stern as he said, "What about me? One of those silver candlesticks in my bedroom all but brained me last night."

She gripped the edge of the fine mahogany table tightly with both hands, and, for a moment, Crawford believed her about to faint. She finally said, her voice a ghost, "You see—what am I going to do? Maybe I am going insane."

He shook his head. "No, not insane. You're driving into New York with me this afternoon. I think we'll find the answer there."

"I don't understand." There were twin vertical lines of puzzlement between her fine amber eyes. "Please explain."

"I can't," he told her simply. "Not yet. If I tried, you wouldn't believe me, Diane."

CRAWFORD'S DRIVE with Diane Harden to Manhattan was a silent one.

The heiress was obviously too shaken to care about conversation, while the investigator had no intention of telling her anything before they reached their destination.

It was not, in fact, until they were a few traffic lights away that she came out of her abstraction, looked around at unfamiliar streets and said in somewhat startled tones, "Where are you taking me, Crawford?"

"If you must know, to my apartment," he replied blandly.

"What for?" she asked.

"To give you the solution to your problem before anything else, or anyone else, gets damaged."

She muttered mutinously, but did not revolt and he parked the car in front of his charming old red-brick apartment house at the west end of Gramercy Park. There, the surroundings seemed to reassure her. "Why," she remarked, wonderingly, "I played in the park as a little girl!"

Crawford ignored her nostalgia and took her inside and up to his home, which had been put in order by his cleaning woman only the day before. He sat Diane down on his sofa and fetched her a brandy and stood over her, getting a nice view of a very nice cleavage by so doing.

"Now," he said, "do you really want to know who's making all the trouble?"

"You know I do."

"Very well then," he told her, "brace yourself. The cause of your trouble is — *you*!"

"I don't understand."

"I've managed to find out quite a bit about you, Diane," he went on. "You're a young, healthy, normal woman, perhaps with overstrong psychic gifts. Thanks to your accident of being born excessively wealthy, you have always been lonely, and as a result you have built up a strong resentment toward the rest of the world, simply because you cannot conceive of others being as lonely as yourself."

He paused, and she said with all of her usual arrogance, "You're being damned impertinent, Crawford."

"Nothing to what I'm going to be," he assured her. "You live an active, outdoor life with few intellectual interests — but horses and swimming actually aren't an adequate substitute for a normal sex life, no matter how much they tire you out at night. You hate everybody."

"That's not true," she said faintly.

"It is on one level," he replied, "the hurt-little-girl level that sparks your poltergeist outbreaks. I know how considerate you are on the

others — I've heard and seen enough of it in the past forty-eight hours."

He paused, giving his words time to sink in. "You've never dared take psychiatric treatment because that same little-girl is afraid she'll be found out and exorcised. But if you don't get rid of her, you're going to wind up a murderess — in fact you damned near murdered me last night."

"But how can I do such things — especially when I'm not even there?" she asked intensely.

"Don't ask me," he countered. "I'm no parapsychologist. But I'm right, and you know it. Actually, *you* haven't tried to murder anybody — but the hurt little-girl buried inside you has. What's more, unless you eliminate her, she's going to succeed. She's getting stronger every day."

"What can I do?" the girl asked wretchedly. "What therapy do you suggest?"

"There's only one way I know to get rid of the imp," Crawford told her.

"What?"

"Change her into a woman — then she'll be in harmony with the rest of you."

"But how do I do that?" she asked.

"Stand up," he told her.

As if hypnotized, Diane obeyed. She had no opportunity to realize the investigator's intentions until he was actually holding her in his arms. Then, silently, grimly, she began to fight him off. She was as strong as many men, her strength increased by her desperation. Yet Crawford, wily and supple and experienced in such combat, gave her no chance of victory. If the contest were rather tougher than he had expected, such resistance merely stimulated the ever-present wolf within his sleek surface.

Once, with a savage wrench of her frame, Diane almost pulled clear of him — but he turned her near-win to his own advantage with a swift counter-attack that carried them both to the huge king-size sofa that was the most vital piece of furniture in his living room. She uttered a sort of animal little grunt and then went rigid.

That was when the baseball, relic of a long-forgotten schoolday victory, burst without warning through the glass front of the bookcase and hit him heavily at the base of his skull. He heard the crash of glass, sensed what must be happening and tried to duck. This time, however, he was not quite quick enough. Crawford blacked out...

When he came to, she was bathing

his head, there on the sofa, with tears streaming down her face, muttering, "Don't die, please don't die, Crawford."

His head felt like hell, but he said, "If I really wanted to be a rat, I'd lie here and let you suffer."

He managed to sit up, and after a moment the lightning was cleared from his skull. Diane, sobbing like a baby, all but fell into his arms. For a long time, although his need was far greater than hers, he held her there, soothing her.

Finally she gasped, "Oh, Crawford! I feel so horrible — but that's the first time I ever consciously made anything move. I didn't know, honestly."

"Of course you didn't, darling," replied the detective recovering sufficiently to be aware that he was holding an exceedingly lovely, nubile and emotionally overwrought young woman in his arms. Almost casually, he unzipped her dress and slipped an arm and hand inside where they would do the most good.

For a moment, she struggled, crying, "But you're hurt, Crawford — you can't...!"

"The hell I can't," he told her. "That little girl is going to grow up right now."

Later, in the bedroom, a nude and no-longer-reluctant Diane lay beside him and murmured, "Thanks, darling — but I don't know how to thank you."

He thought about money — then decided, for once, to play the amateur all the way, at least where being investigator was concerned. After all, this was a special case, and there were Judge Ormond and his own status at the Papyrus Club to consider.

"I was so mixed up," murmured the girl, nuzzling him adoringly. "You're quite wonderful, darling."

"How would a virgin like you know?" he countered, lifting himself on the pillow to look down at her and let her know he was kidding. "How's the little girl now?"

"All grown up," she assured him happily.

"If I thought I could make it to the kitchenette," he said, "I'd drink with you to that, sweet Diane."

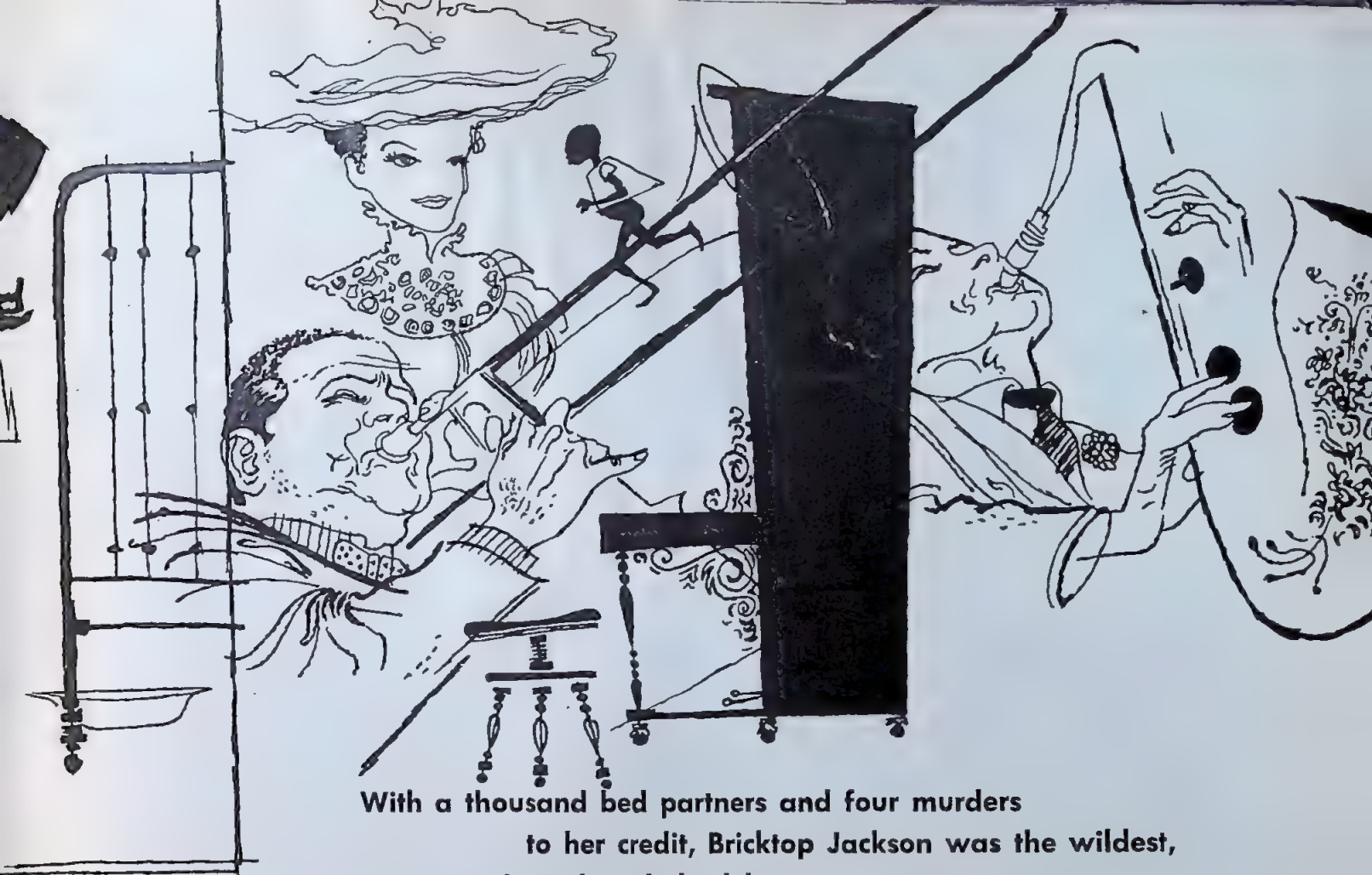
Somehow, he was not entirely surprised to see the brandy bottle, followed by two goblets, come floating gently through the doorway a moment later, without visible means of support or proportion. He said nothing beyond a muttered thanks — he couldn't just then. All he knew was he needed a drink, no matter how it was delivered.





THE

Hogers



With a thousand bed partners and four murders
to her credit, Bricktop Jackson was the wildest,
wantonist wench in the whole delta country

TOUGHEST BROAD IN STORYVILLE

LONG CHARLEY STARED down at the pretty redhead and laughed. Barefooted as he was now, Charley stood nearly seven feet tall. Although he was ramrod-thin, he had an awesome reputation along Gallatin Street.

"You're too little to get so mean," Long Charley said.

Mary Jane Jackson glared up at the grinning man. "I'm plenty big enough to kill you."

Long Charley collapsed upon the rumpled bed they had recently shared, holding his sides and roaring, his eyes squeezed shut.

When he opened them again, he stopped laughing. Miss Jackson had a strange, efficient weapon in her dainty fist. A five inch, double-edged blade stuck out on each side of her clenched hand.

Charley didn't know she had ordered the knife made to her specifications—that its center grip was handsomely mounted in German silver, that with it, she could stab and slash in every direction.

And it didn't matter a hell of a lot to Long Charley. He died seconds after she plunged one of the blades deep into his thin chest.

He should have stayed downstairs in Archie Murphy's "Dance Hall"—although the joint was one of the most unsavory in New Orleans' infamous Storyville. Murphy's dance partners and the "waitresses" did most of their entertaining upstairs, in cribs like the one occupied by Mary Jane "Bricktop" Jackson.

And the late Long Charley wouldn't have been so carefree if he had known that the luscious redhead had already beaten one man to death with a club, only a few months earlier.

During her violent career little Bricktop was to be credited with four known murders and at least twenty blackjackings—plus numerous non-fatal knifings and beatings.

—turn the page

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Bricktop was the toughest broad in a town full of tough ones. She learned early that her neighborhood had a rule of thumb that boiled down to this: win or die. And Bricktop loved life.

She was born between two flourishing houses of prostitution on Girod Street, in 1836 and learned the business from the ground up until, in her late teens, a bartender took her in as his mistress, and Bricktop was fairly peaceable for the next three years. Then the gentleman made the mistake of tiring of her charms. He departed for work at his Poydras Street establishment one spring afternoon, and locked Bricktop out of their love nest.

One of his customers cautioned him. "Ed, you oughta' take it easy with that gal—I never did like the look in her eye."

Ed chuckled. "Her?" If she gives me any trouble, I'll tan her bottom."

Moments later, the swinging doors crashed inward, and the flame-haired woman stormed into the place. She came over the bartop like an avenging fury, and proceeded to clobber the stuffings out of big Ed with her fists.

He belted her away, but she took most of his nose with her—between her teeth. When Ed was taken to the hospital, he was also minus a goodly portion of his left ear. Bricktop Jackson was launched upon her knock-down, drag-out career.

Returning to the only trade she knew, the redhead entered a bordello, and although popular with the customers, raised so much hell among the other working girls that she was soon fired.

Records of the day called her a "handsome girl with an exceptionally fine figure," but her blow-torch temper kept her on the move from house to house, until she had made the rounds of all the "respectable" places.

Then only the lower-class bagnios of Gallatin Street were open to her, and she operated among its smoky dens for about eighteen months. Here she committed her first two murders—the clubbing death of one customer, and the efficient hemstitch job she did on Long Charley.

But Bricktop proved too tough even for Gallatin Street. With few exceptions, the other battle-scarred harpies were afraid of her. Men got the idea that she was somewhat too handy with that tailor-made knife, and trade fell off.

The hardy redhead turned to free-

lancing, along with a little burglary and drunk-rolling. She rounded up three other sisters-in-sin whose willingness to do battle had also caused them to be barred from Storyville's dance halls and gin mills.

In the little house on Dauphine Street, they were a fearful foursome—America Williams, six feet tall and muscular; Ellen Collins, a tiny girl who was a terror in combat, and Bridget Fury, with hair as red as Bricktop's, and second only to her in brawling.

Somehow, they prospered. Men seemed attracted to them in spite of their violent tempers. Modern psychologists might have made something of this, citing masochist tendencies and such, but for Bricktop and her girls, it was enough that paying customers were plentiful.

Bridget Fury was the first to retire from the partnership. She murdered a man at Poydras Street market in 1858, and drew life imprisonment.

This didn't frighten Bricktop. On November 7 of the following year, accompanied by her remaining cronies, she went into a local beer garden. After downing a few, Bricktop began flourishing her knife.

Incautious Laurent Fleury was a newcomer to the area. He didn't like knives waving around in his vicinity, and said so. Bricktop replied with a stream of curses that named him for what he was and a few things he wasn't. Fleury slapped her.

Suddenly he was the center of swirling skirts, clawing figures and flashing blades as all three women leaped upon him. Proprietor Joe



"The manager sent me up. Is everything going along to your satisfaction?"

Seidensahl ran to help the man, but forgot to bring along his bungstarter.

The women drove the two men before them into the patio, where Seidensahl was seriously cut. The badly mauled Fleury picked up six hearty stab wounds, and died three days later.

One of Seidensahl's bouncers flung open a window and fired at the raging women, but they answered with a shower of bricks that sent him reeling for cover.

Ellen Collins took herself off before the police came, but Bricktop and America Williams were held for trial. Somehow, the coroner was unable to state under oath exactly what had killed Fleury. Bricktop's lawyer contended the victim had perished from heart failure. Bricktop was acquitted.

But while in Parish Prison awaiting trial, the rowdy redhead found one of the great loves of her life — turnkey John Miller. Miller was an all-around hard guy who had been given the political appointment for some dark-of-the-night favor to local authorities.

Of course, his tenure didn't begin until he had finished serving two years of a sentence for a knife murder.

In another brawl, Miller wasn't so lucky. He lost his left hand, but made the most of it by having a heavy leather cup affixed to the stump. From this swung a length of chain and an iron knob the size of a baseball. With his knife in his remaining hand the deadly ball swinging, Miller was a bad man to face in a fight.

He and Bricktop saw much in each other, and he resigned his job when she was released. They went to live together in his Freetown shack across the river.

For two years they loved violently and fought each other just as violently. They took time out for an occasional foray back to Gallatin Street, where they proved more than a match for the dancehall bouncers.

Their fighting ceased to be friendly when Bricktop slashed her lover and hied across the Mississippi to her old stamping grounds, Miller followed her and begged her to come home. Bricktop went, but the bloom of their romance was gone. Then on December 5, 1861, Miller brought home a cowhide whip with long, wicked thongs.

"You're gettin' too fresh," he announced. "It's time you learned once and for all who the boss is around here."

— turn to page 60



Morelle knew the perfect expression of her talent, but she just liked to give it away

THE GRIND

by PAT JONES

JANNINE STIRRED on the pale green pillows and watched the plump figure of the maid, Morelle, as she deftly wheeled the vacuum out of the bedroom and got busy with the duster.

"I suppose you think I've got it easy," Jannine said with a trace of bitterness.

Morelle paused to glance at her employer. "Now I'm not saying you got it easy, Miss Jannine," she said. "I'm sure not saying a thing like that. But I'm wondering how you'd like a day of doing this." She lifted the duster and brandished it.

"But you do your work by yourself," protested Jannine, sitting up in the huge, luxurious bed. "All you risk is a sore back. You don't have men pawing you all over just because they've paid for the right."

"Miss Jannine," said Morelle with a trace of humor, "sometimes they do all those things like you say without paying a cent."

"Then," said Jannine eagerly, "they're making love to you—real love. Not just going through a lot of annoying motions because they want to earn their money's worth. At least you earn your money doing something clean."

Morelle cocked a not-unhandsome head on one side, sagely. "There again, Miss Jannine," she replied, "that depends upon the point of view. Seems to me there's plenty of dirt in that cleaner out there." She nodded toward the door.

After a bit, Jannine slid from beneath the covers. Her lovely, lean, opulent body lay barely half-concealed beneath the sheer lace-and-nylon bawn that covered it. Her face, hitherto little more than a mask, came abruptly to life.

"Morelle," she said excitedly, "I've got an idea. A great idea!"

"What is it, Miss Jannine?"

"Just for one night, let's you and I change places. You take on my

jobs tonight—I can arrange it by phone—and I'll do your work tomorrow. How about it?"

For a long moment, Morelle's eyes grew glowing and large. Her full lips parted a trifle, and she stared at Jannine thoughtfully. Then she said, "Who you got on the list tonight, Miss Jannine?"

"Oh..." Jannine pushed back pale blue hair thoughtfully. "There's Bill Jackson."

"Uh-huh," Morelle nodded.

"And Dr. Merivek is coming at ten."

"Un-huh!" This time with emphasis.

"And then Mr. Wontag is coming up after the opera—about midnight."

"Honey," said Morelle with emphasis, "you just lost me. For a moment, you had me, but no more. That Mr. Wontag is too much for me."

"But he's so awfully rich," said Jannine with a trace of her former sulkiness. "He leaves the biggest tips, too."

"Miss Jannine, he's old!" said Morelle. Then, "Excuse me, Miss Jannine. I just heard the doorbell. The mail must of come."

When she was gone, Jannine pouted and pirouetted slowly, lazily, around the luxurious bedroom with its ormolu decor. She picked up the duster Morelle had discarded and took a tentative poke at the dressing table. A costly and fragile bottle of perfume tottered, and she was only able to prevent it from crashing by a sudden, darting rescue move.

Disturbed, she looked at the bottle, then at the duster, then at herself in the mirror. Yawning, she put the duster down where she had picked it up and headed toward her bath. Oh well, she thought, it was probably a pretty silly idea anyway.



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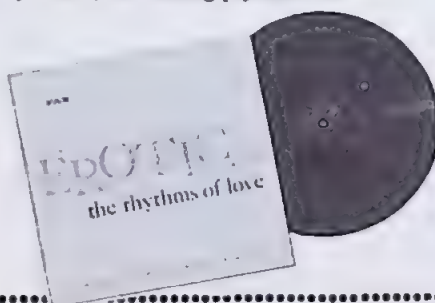
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BROAD, from page 59

Bricktop snatched the whip and laid into him with it. Miller staggered and swung his iron ball at her. She grabbed the chain in mid-air, yanked him to the floor, and towed him around by his stump. The whip was cutting him to ribbons.

Miller twisted over and got out his knife. Bricktop stamped it out of his hand, jerked him up and slammed him against the wall. She pinned him there by the throat while she stabbed him five times. He was dead when he hit the floor. Score four corpses for the redhead.

News of the murder didn't reach across the Mississippi until December 8, when the New Orleans Picayune ran a short paragraph which said simply that John Miller had been killed by Mary Jane Jackson, and added: "Both were degraded beings, regular penitentiary birds, drunkards, and unworthy of further notice from honest people."

Next day the Daily Crescent had a pithy comment on Bricktop's career: "This woman has been concerned in several murders and is remarkable for bestial habits and ferocious manners. By the law making an example of her, the community will be rid of two nuisances."

There was a new coroner in office, and no shrewd lawyer could save Bricktop this time. But she wasn't in prison very long. The Civil War broke out, and the Military Governor of Louisiana practically emptied the prisons with blanket pardons.

Bricktop and her old partner, Bridget Fury, were among those released.

They scampered back to Gallatin Street and had a few beers for old times' sake, but Bricktop's short stretch in the pen had taken something out of her.

Bridget Fury was quieter, too, but was familiar in Storyville for the next decade. She did almost a year in jail on a robbery rap, and came out broken. She slept in gutters and was arrested two or three times a week for drunkenness.

And Bricktop? The redoubtable champion of Gallatin Street had had it, as the saying goes. She disappeared from the haunts that had trembled at her monumental rages and shuddered away from her slashing blade.

Some said she went West to a new life; other rumors had it that one of her many enemies had planted her in the river. But Mary Jane Jackson was seen no more in New Orleans. She left behind her the never-equalled reputation of the toughest broad in Storyville.



NOON,
from page 13

ful spot for a new street, they decided.

Then in 1950, circumstances, the law, nature and a bulldozer ganged up on the Last Chance. It all started at 4 o'clock on the morning of April 6, 1950. A taxi driver on Truman Road heard water running in the offices of the First District Democratic Club. He called police who opened the door and looked in. One glance was enough to convince them that the homicide squad and not a plumber was needed urgently.

For seated in a chair under a picture of Harry S. Truman, President of the United States, was Charles Binaggio, a fast-rising figure in Democratic politics. He had been shot four times. By the door, his clothing stuck fast to the floor by dried blood, was the body of Charles Gargotta, whose brother, Gus "Skinny" Gargotta had been a bouncer at the Chesterfield Club.

No one has ever been tried for the double murder. A popular theory is that Binaggio took money from the Mafia to reopen Kansas City for gambling, but couldn't deliver the goods. A Mafia assassin made him pay the penalty for non-delivery. On the syndicate scale of values that penalty was just.

But whatever the causes, the deaths ended whatever chance the colorful, lawless, era of the open city had of returning to Kansas City for years to come. For as the police traced the movement of Binaggio and Gargotta in the last hours before they died, they discovered that they were last seen alive in the Last Chance.

Less than three hours after the bodies were discovered a truck backed up to the building that straddled the state line and when police moved in later that same morning they found all the gambling equipment gone. The Last Chance was closed. A few months later a flood that recognized no state lines inundated the building and, while the backwaters were still at flood stage, a fire swept the area.

Then the state of Kansas pushed its bulldozers against the rubble and completed its long threatened street. The Last Chance, the last vestige of

the clubs that had given Kansas City the reputation as the hottest town in the country, had given way. Now if a visitor has a yen for sinning there is little chance Kansas City will accommodate him.

Twelfth street is now a strip of tawdry neon-lit falsity. The taverns are old and musty smelling, they have juke boxes instead of musicians and the jukes blare Elvis Presley and Teresa Brewer.

All the old clubs are gone and gone too are the characters like Abe the Goof, Muskogee, Irish Ed Stone and Jim Kilcullen, gentlemen who would bet you your eyes weren't blue.

There remains a single down-at-the-heels bulesque house to offer entertainment featuring the feminine form in a state of semi-undress. The bumps and grinds (an ageless art) are the same as 20 years ago, but there the resemblance ends. The crowd is as subdued as a Republican committee meeting in Alabama.

Just before the "red hot" midnight show the management struts out on the stage and announces: "Now we're not going to stand for no loud talking or boisterous behavior at any time during the show. Anyone making any kind of noise will be thrown out by the police officers (and they are present), charged with disturbing the peace, and fined \$50."

He may be bluffing, but nobody is about to take the chance.

The crowd sits in silent appreciation as the girl sheds her clothing, one item after another. When it is apparent that the show is over there is a polite burst of applause, such as might greet the conductor at the philharmonic.

The fantastic point to which the night life of Kansas City has risen (or fallen, depending on the viewpoint) can best be demonstrated by the search for a nude model for a life drawing class.

The alumni class of a perfectly reputable art school was having trouble finding girls to pose in the altogether. In desperation someone suggested that some of the queens down to the "burlyque" might like to pick up an extra buck.

One of the group phoned the management, explaining that the job would entail the girls appearing before men while unclothed.

From the other end of the line there was a gasp and a stunned pause.

"Oh, no," the voice exclaimed, "Our girls would never do anything like that."



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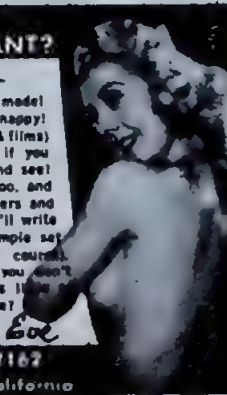
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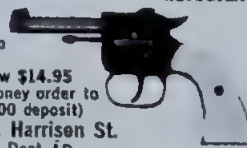
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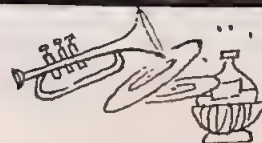
Voluptuous Texas
gal throws off sex shackles and joins the
beat movement in Greenwich Village

ANN MORGAN...

TASTY BIT OF BEAT



Ann's white turtleneck sweater (and what she has beneath it) proves a magnet to beat Village males right around the clock!





WHEN ANN MORGAN first hit Greenwich Village, her wide black eyes opened even wider. Back home in Dallas, Texas, the beat movement is scorned because of its alleged promiscuity. That, of course, made it all the more attractive to Ann who has recently put her rebellious urges to work in behalf of the movement. What she didn't know was that the current crop of beats were actually spawned after the first World War in the selfsame village; but were called Bohemians, or "that salacious segment of New York which found the lost generation."

Ann took up the full schedule of beatery; organized her voluptuous self, 5 feet 5, and a 42 bosom; 36 hips, into a complete routine of disorganization: drinking copachino in the dimly-lit espresso houses, saturating herself in poetry recitations; and trying to gain her individuality by losing it. She soon found, like other beat gals, that a night of togetherness on her lonely pad was not only necessary but excruciatingly nice. She had reached the zenith of a newly found freedom, and thrown off the shackles of squaredom.

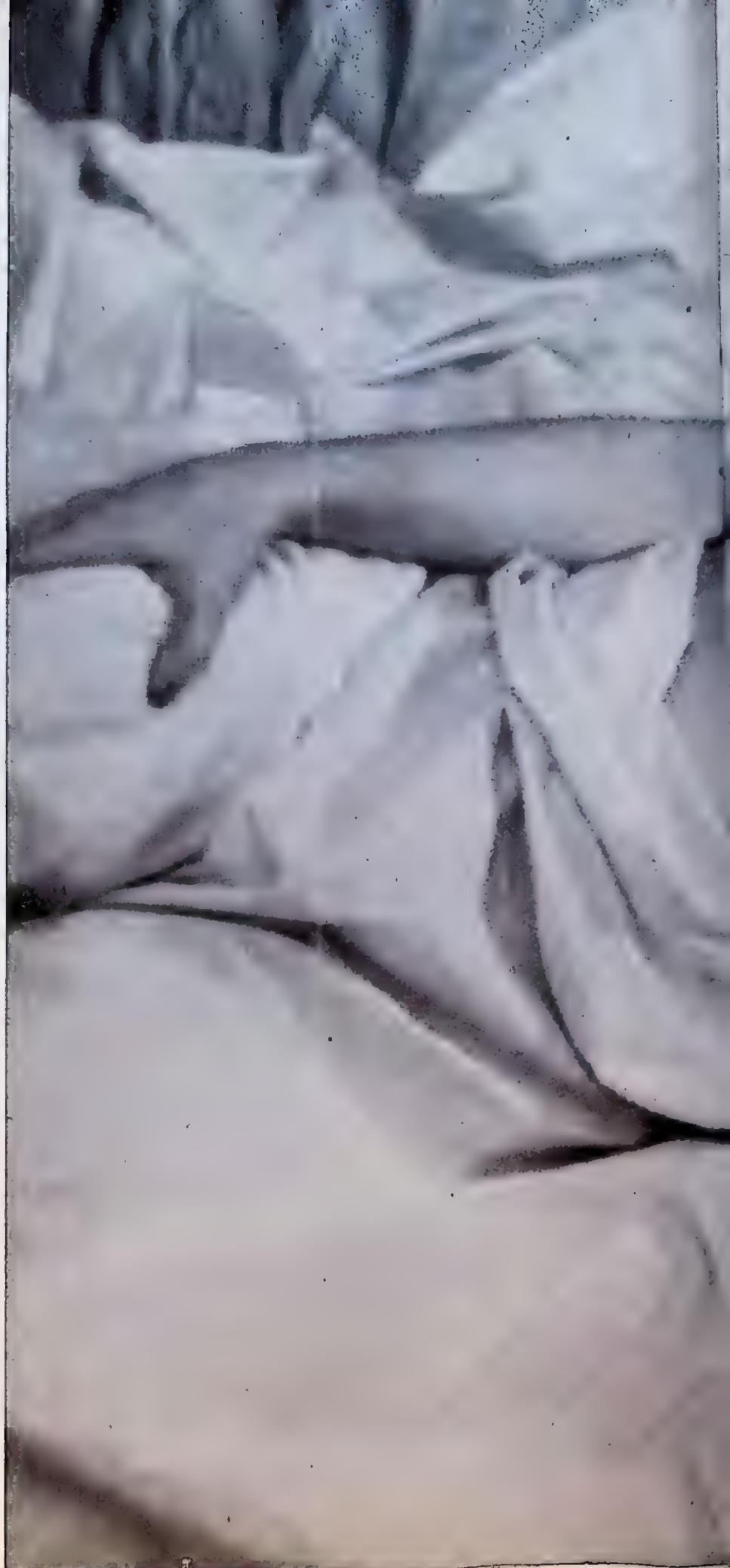
But deep in her subconscious, Ann had the longing to belong. She wanted to be an actress in an off-Broadway show. She talks into the early morning with her blonde buddy, Gloria Arnold, about such things, for they share the same pad, or apartment, together. "Cuts down the rent," Ann says, "and increases the possibility of togetherness. Gloria likes guys and cycles. I hate cycles; but like guys with dark glasses. With the gogs, they're really crazy; and I can't resist."





Rebellion is part of the beat movement. Yet in their most rebellious moods, Ann and Gloria offer a remnant of the old feminine virtues which have for so long been a part of the American way. But to many psychologists who are trying to find out "why beatnik," the movement is a basic rebellion against the puritanical sex morals of our society. "The beats have thumbed their collective noses at prudery and virginity which stems from our Puritan forefathers," says one expert.

On the subject of sex, Ann confirms this view. "Back in Texas there were two standards; the man's and the woman's. She was to be his sexual property, and he would have nothing to do with her unless she was a virgin. He, of course, was the prude. Now, I have sexual, and social equality with anyone. That's why I joined the movement; and as far as I'm concerned it's a step in the right direction." ❁







LEGACY,
from page 45

beautiful woman. Her features were finely modeled, her blue eyes and smooth flesh were alabaster-clear, her light brown hair coiled languorously about the hollows of her throat. Her figure, unmarred and maintained by sound diet and exercise, was perfect. What a waste, he thought, regarding her. What a damnable waste!

It was then that Louise neatly tripped his strange mood with her, "Phil, why are you staring...?" If she ever guessed, he told himself grimly, it would be back to mama for good.

Hiding the unaccustomed ferment of his emotions behind the mask of the New York "Times" financial section as he read into town on the train after breakfast, Phil found himself actually wondering if Louise's leaving him would be such a loss after all. Certainly, if what Bob's suitcase had revealed was true for some men, he was missing out on the real things of life. The dread milepost of 40 was less than two years away, and all at once he realized that his life was not going to go on forever. What was more, he was only going to be riding the merry-go-round once. There were not even children to give him immortality of a sort. Frightening thoughts for Phil Stewart... He made a tremendous mental effort and pushed them to the back of his mind.

After checking to make sure the suitcase was still intact behind the sofa, he refused to think about its contents and plunged ferociously into the business day.

THAT EVENING, after dinner, Louise had to attend a committee meeting for the new hospital wing fund, and Phil once more found himself alone in his study. He reached for the Aretino-Boucher volume but found his fingers groping in empty air.

Panic seized him. His first thought was that somebody — Ella, the maid, or Louise — must have found and taken the priceless work. Suddenly sick to his stomach, he sat down on water-weak knees in the chair behind his desk to consider the appalling problem. Only then did it occur to him that he had drunk heavily on an empty stomach the night before, that he could not actually remember putting the volume behind Dr. Eliot's

"Five Foot Shelf." He had planned to put it there, but had he actually done so? If he had hidden it elsewhere, then where? He did not have the slightest idea.

Half an hour later, after a frenzied search, he found it behind the 32-volume "Complete Works of Sir Walter Scott," on the shelf almost directly above where he believed he had put it. In his soggy state, he must have hidden it on the wrong self. But so great was his reaction from the fear that had gripped him that he discovered himself to have lost all desire to review the brilliant verse and the brilliant Boucher masterpieces describing and depicting the greatest of human passions. All he could do was sit in the living room, staring blindly at TV shows he did not see...

He wondered what was happening to him and, for the first time in his life, considered the advisability of visiting a psychiatrist. Once again, this time cold sober, he went up to bed before Louise got home from her lecture...

He was dozing fitfully when she came in. The familiar sounds of her undressing failed to rouse him, but he was awakened by the equally familiar sensation of her soft, smooth arms around his neck.

"Lo, honey," he murmured sleepily. "Got tired early."

"Darling," she murmured, her lips close to his ear, "this is Thursday night, remember?"

"Member wha'?" he asked, sleep still slurring his words.

"What do we usually do Thursday nights?" she whispered. He could feel the gentle pressure of her breasts against his shoulder as she spoke.

"Sorry," he replied. "Masleep, dear."

The breasts, the arms, were withdrawn slowly after her soft, full lips failed to rouse him. Vaguely, he was aware of her moving around the foot of their bed and climbing silently in on the other side. With a grunt, he rolled over to sleep with his face toward the wall.

Suddenly — how long after he was never to know — Phil Stewart came fully awake. *My God!* he thought. *I must have been crazy!* Throughout their entire married life, Louise had never proposed sexual intercourse — it was always he who had taken the initiative, such as it was. Yet, unless memory failed him, she had made a definite advance.

And that pressure of her breasts — not since their honeymoon had Louise permitted herself to be in the

nude with him. Her comment was, invariably, "It's not nice, Phil," delivered in a tone that brooked no argument. Yet, if her breasts had thus pressed him freely, she must have been nude!

Slowly, he turned in the bed until his body was toward hers. With infinite caution, he extended a suddenly trembling hand to touch her, felt instead of the usual nylon covering the ivory softness of uncovered flesh. When she stirred and moaned softly, but did not protest, the impact of what he had seen in the Aretino-Boucher volume burst through the bounds of restraint he had placed around it. Even as the amorous visions assailed him, his hands ceased trembling, became agents of the overwhelming passion that held him in its grip.

Louise's unclad body stirred with unexpected response. She shuddered and moaned and, with a quick double-thrust of her beautifully modeled legs, sent the impeding bed-covers tumbling over the footboard. Her arms locked around him, her lips gripped his, her body lashed like a snake in its dying frenzy — save that hers was the frenzy of life itself.

As he gripped her, seeking to gain control of this delightful stranger Louise had become, as he was about to take possession of her fully, she pulled her lips violently from his to murmur "The Crocus, darling — the Crocus!" Incredibly, he found himself, albeit somewhat awkwardly, performing the ancient love-rite with her, with a nymph whose existence he had never suspected before.

"So this is what it's all about!" he told himself joyously before rapture seized him and precluded all logical thought. Once or twice, in the moments that followed, as passion was briefly lulled, he found himself thinking, *this can't be Louise — this can't be me — this can't be us!*

Phil understood why the book had turned up on the wrong shelf. Louise had found it, of course, and studied it — and what had just happened was the result. He sat up then, and swung his legs over the side of the bed.

Lifting her head, Louise asked anxiously, "Darling, where are you going?"

"Downstairs," he replied. "I wouldn't want Hilda to find it when she dusts the bookshelves." He twisted and stopped to kiss his wife with a fondness he had never before expressed, a fondness to which she replied in kind. "Besides," he said, pulling clear, "we've both got a lot to learn."

Letters to Adam



AVID

I have been an avid reader and collector of ADAM since the first issue, and I am now turning to you for help. I had saved the first 12 issues of ADAM, but I was hospitalized for a time, and when I returned home my copies were gone. My wife and I know who appropriated them, but there is nothing we can do without causing a lot of embarrassment and hard feelings. Needless to say, since then, I keep my copies of ADAM securely hidden.

Here is where I hope you can help me. If possible, would you please put me in contact with someone who is willing to sell any or all of the first 12 issues. Please help me.

George De Angelo
Haskell, N.Y.

✿ Get cracking, you students who are also collectors! Ye Edde.

* * *

Would it be at all possible for me to latch onto a particular copy of your magazine at this late date? When I saw Kathy Marlowe's name in Vol. 2, No. 9, I knew I must have that copy. Can someone among your readers help me?

Elayne Gealt
Athens, Ala.

* * *

MORE ALABAMA

I sure like your mag—think it the best on the newsstand, and I look at all of them before settling on ADAM as mine. So I don't miss any of the issues and still have most of them.

I hope you can soon run a feature on Mimi Harris—complete with vital statistics, et cetera. Oh, yes, I like small women, like cover-girl uncovered, Dixie Hardakre. Mimi is only five feet tall.

Lee Bradford
Decatur, Ala.

✿ ADAM will try to satisfy you on Mimi Harris, Lee, as soon as he can get some pictures of her to fill the bill. Thanks for the suggestion.

VETERAN FAN

ADAM has contributed so significantly to my pleasure in the course of some two and a half years that I feel called on to express my gratitude. I am not uncritical of your efforts, but I do think you have done a monumental piece of work. Concerning your recent issues, here are a few random notes—

Best short story—"Who Killed Doc Robbins" by Michael Weldon. We could do with many, many more of Mr. Weldon's accounts of Crawford's activities. Incidentally, that 23-minute interval, mentioned on page 60 of Vol. 3, No. 6, is one of the finest suggestions in recent literature. My second choice in the short-story department is Martin Courtney's "Plump, Pink Pills" in Vol. 3, No. 3.

Best short-short story—"Rope Trick" by Fredric Brown in Vol. 3, No. 5. It's a nice, clean-cut yarn.

Best Single photo—the center spread in Vol. 3, No. 3. Best Illustrated girl-article—"Amazing Amazon" in Vol. 3, No. 3.

Keep up the good work!

C.W.M.

* * *

BEEF

Your current Vol. 3, No. 6 issue is just so-so. What happened? ADAM is getting worse with every issue! I hope his next will be much improved.

David C. Kordowski
Chicago, Ill.

* * *

CHEESECAKE

Since you seem to like running pictures of would-be models in your



"Letters" column, I thought I'd throw in my 39-24-35. I am five feet four inches tall and weigh 118 pounds. Otherwise, I am a grey-eyed brun-

nette and would love to get into modeling professionally. I hope ADAM and his readers think I have what it takes.

Dana West
Columbus, O.

* * *

CARTOON CRAZY

Where do you get those wonderful cartoons? I think they're the best things in the entire magazine—not only the Dennis and Tupper singles but the wacky article illustrations. Keep it up!

J. W. Morehouse
San Antonio, Tex.



Next issue,
ADAM pictureviews voluptuous
JACKIE HILTON,
sexsational Hollywood poodle
entrepreneur.



The fabulous Gohlke sisters wow Hollywood in sexsational double-header. . . . see page 20

ADAM In Words

- Sinister plot to seize the virgin mistress see page 26
- Crawford scores against a sex-starved ghost see page 16
- One moment of divine passion in a war-torn world see page 4
- Wanton wench of the New Orleans cribs see page 56
- He found secret delights in a dead man's valise see page 42

ADAM In Pictures

- Intimate picture view with sensuous beatnick beauty see page 62
- Hollywood strip college bares all for the bump and grind see page 36
- ADAM's special 'Round-the-World see page 30
- Wild Paris night spot sends tourists see page 46

